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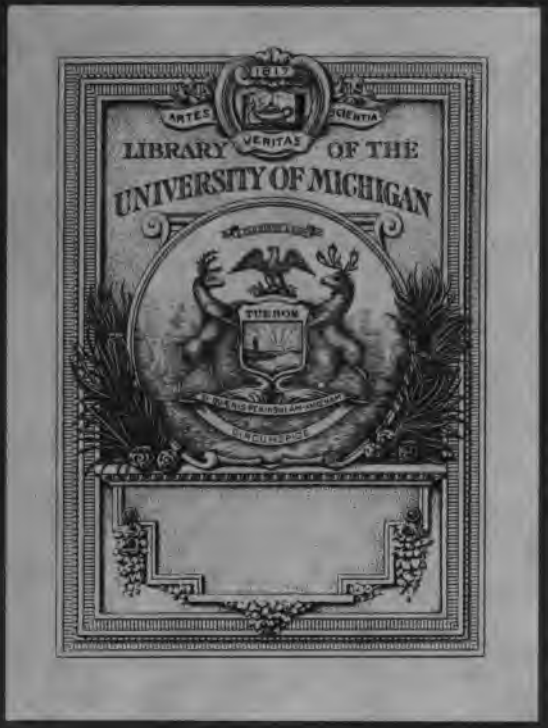
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THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

PARIS : PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COMPREHENDING

ALL HIS MELODIES, BALLADS, ETC.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THE ACCOMPANYING MUSIC.

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THE

LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

PREFACE.

THIS Poem, somewhat different in form, and much more limited in extent, was originally designed as an episode for a work, about which I have been, at intervals, employed during the last two years. Some months since, however, I found that my friend Lord Byron had, by an accidental coincidence, chosen the same subject for a Drama; and, as I could not but feel the disadvantage of coming after so formidable a rival, I thought it best to publish my humble sketch immediately, with such alterations and additions as I had time to make, and thus, by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, give myself the chance of what astronomers call an *Heliacal rising*, before the luminary, in whose light I was to be lost, should appear.

As objections may be made, by persons whose opinions I respect, to the selection of a subject of this nature from the Scripture, I think it right to

remark, that, in point of fact, the subject is *not* scriptural—the notion upon which it is founded (that of the love of Angels for women) having originated in an erroneous translation by the LXX. of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, upon which the sole authority for the fable rests.* The foundation of my story, therefore, has as little to do with Holy Writ as have the dreams of the later Platonists, or the reveries of the Jewish divines; and, in appropriating the notion thus to the uses of poetry, I have done no more than establish it in that region of fiction, to which the opinions of the most rational Fathers, and of all other Christian theologians, have long ago consigned it.

In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories), the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both

* See Note.

from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "veiled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate the same *moral* interest to the following pages.

THE

LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere Sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
'Twixt man and Heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid-air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane,
Even then, that morning of the earth!
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth—
And oh, that stain so dark should fall
From Woman's love, most sad of all!

One evening, in that time of bloom,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And, as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—
Creatures of light, such as still play,
Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
Of the bright eyes that charm'd them thence;

Till, yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening's influence—
The silent breathing of the flowers—
The melting light that beam'd above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,
Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When, like a bird from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look
The least celestial of the three—
A Spirit of light mould, that took
The prints of earth most yieldingly;
Who, even in Heaven, was not of those
Nearest the Throne, but held a place
Far off, among those shining rows
That circle out through endless space,
And o'er whose wings the light from Him
In the great centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
Among those youths th' unheavenliest one—

A creature to whom light remain'd
From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,
And o'er whose brow not Love alone
  A blight had, in his transit, sent,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
  And left their foot-prints as they went.

Sighing, as through the shadowy Past,
  Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had cast
  O'er buried hopes, he thus began:—

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

'Twas in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not Night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element—
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!—
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While, playfully around her breaking

The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She moved in light of her own making.
At length, as slowly I descended
To view more near a sight so splendid,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes!—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
And motion were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

In pity to the wondering maid,
Though loth from such a vision turning,
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
Of my spread wings to hide the burning

Of glances, which—I well could feel—
For me, for her, too warmly shone;
But, ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes, or even steal
One side-long look, the maid was gone—
Hid from me in the forest leaves,
Sudden as when, in all her charms
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
The Moon into his dusky arms.

'Tis not in words to tell the power,
The despotism that, from that hour,
Passion held o'er me—day and night
I sought around each neighbouring spot,
And, in the chase of this sweet light,
My task, and Heaven, and all forgot—
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
I found myself, whole happy days,
Listening to words, whose music vied
With our own Eden's seraph lays,

When seraph lays are warm'd by love,
But wanting *that*, far, far above!—
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A Heaven, more worshipp'd than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was Heaven to me?
Though gross the air on earth I drew,
Twas blessed, while she breathed it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,
Beloved, and consecrated spot
Where Lea *was*—the other, all
The dull, wide waste, where she was *not!*

But vain my suit, my madness vain;
Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
One earthly look, one stray desire,
I would have torn the wings that hung
Furl'd at my back, and o'er that Fire
Unnamed in Heaven their fragments flung;—

'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmoved
  She stood, as lilies in the light
  Of the hot noon but look more white;—
And though she loved me, deeply loved,
'Twas not as man, as mortal—no,
Nothing of earth was in that glow—
She loved me but as one, of race
Angelic, from that radiant place
She saw so oft in dreams—that Heaven,
  To which her prayers at morn were sent,
And on whose light she gazed at even,
Wishing for wings, that she might go
Out of this shadowy world below,
  To that free, glorious element!

Well I remember by her side
Sitting at rosy even-tide,
When,—turning to the star, whose head
Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,
At that mute, blushing hour,—she said,
"Oh! that it were my doom to be
  "The Spirit of yon beauteous star,
"Dwelling up there in purity,
  "Alone, as all such bright things are;—

" My sole employ to pray and shine,
" To light my censer at the sun,
" And fling its fire towards the shrine
" Of Him in Heaven, the Eternal One!"

So innocent the maid—so free
From mortal taint in soul and frame,
Whom 'twas my crime—my destiny—
To love, ay, burn for, with a flame,
To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips th' avowal burst;
Not angry—no—the feeling had
No touch of anger, but most sad—
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So fill'd the heart was to the brink,
So fix'd and frozen there—to think
That angel natures—even I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky—
Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of such pure glory into sin—
The sin, of all, most sure to blight,

The sin, of all, that the soul's light
Is soonest lost, extinguish'd in!
That, though but frail and human, she
Should, like the half-bird of the sea,
Try with her wing sublimer air,
While I, a creature born up there,
Should meet her, in my fall from light,
From Heaven and peace, and turn her flight
Downward again, with me to drink
Of the salt tide of sin, and sink!

That very night—my heart had grown
Impatient of its inward burning;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers* near the throne,
Already, if a meteor shone
Between them and this nether zone,
Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning:—
Oft did the potent spell-word, given
To Envoys hither from the skies,
To be pronounced, when back to Heaven
It is their hour or wish to rise,

* See Note.

Come to my lips that fatal day;
And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage in the ray
And breeze of Heaven began to play—
When my heart fail'd—the spell was broken—
The word unfinish'd died away,
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world, which she,
Or lost or won, made all to me,
Beyond home—glory—every thing?
How fly, while yet there was a chance,
A hope—ay, even of perishing
Utterly by that fatal glance?
No matter where my wanderings were,
So there she look'd, moved, breathed about—
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than all Heaven's proudest joys without!

But, to return—that very day
A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
Came, crowding thick as flowers that play

In summer winds, the young and gay
And beautiful of this bright earth.
And she was there, and 'mid the young
And beautiful stood first, alone;
Though on her gentle brow still hung
The shadow I that morn had thrown—
The first that ever shame or woe
Had cast upon its vernal snow.
My heart was madden'd—in the flush
Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth—that rush
Of desperate gaiety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness—
Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions—like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain—
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—

Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
  Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,
  But grasping Heaven, too, in their span!—
Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
  Its dews of darkness through my lips,
Casting whate'er of light remain'd
  To my lost soul into eclipse,
And filling it with such wild dreams,
  Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in the absence of Heaven's beams,
  Haunt us for ever—like wild-fires
  That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest—our banquet done,
  I sought her in th' accustom'd bower,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hush'd, had met alone,
  At the same silent, moonlight hour.
I found her—oh, so beautiful!
  Why, why have hapless Angels eyes?
Or why are there not flowers to cull,
  As fair as Woman, in yon skies?

Still did her brow, as usual, turn
To her loved star, which seem'd to burn
  Purer than ever on that night;
  While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though that planet were an urn
  From which her eyes drank liquid light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
  A spell of holiness around,
Which would have—had my brain not been
  Thus poison'd, madden'd—held me bound,
  As though I stood on God's own ground.
Even as it was, with soul all flame,
  And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
The memory of Eden came
  Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And though too well each glance of mine
  To the pale, shrinking maiden proved
How far, alas, from aught divine,
Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
  Was the wild love with which I loved,
Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,
  'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw—

The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
  The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then placed above him—far above—
And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which work'd within me at that hour,
  When—with a voice, where Passion shed
All the deep sadness of her power,
  Her melancholy power—I said,
" Then be it so—if back to Heaven
  " I must unloved, unpitied fly,
" Without one blest memorial given
  " To soothe me in that lonely sky—
" One look, like those the young and fond
  " Give when they're parting—which would be,
" Even in remembrance, far beyond
  " All Heaven hath left of bliss for me!

" Oh, but to see that head recline
  " A minute on this trembling arm,
" And those mild eyes look up to mine
  " Without a dread, a thought of harm!

" To meet but once the thrilling touch
" Of lips that are too fond to fear me—
" Or, if that boon be all too much,
" Even thus to bring their fragrance near me!
" Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
" Give them but kindly and I fly;
" Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
" And tremble for their home on high.
" Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
" One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
" And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
" The spell that plumes my wing for Heaven!"

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south-wind's breath:
But when I named—alas, too well,
I now recal, though wilder'd then,—
Instantly, when I named the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,

" The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
" And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd—
Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
And lost already, on her brow
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and named
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound—her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to Heaven she spoke it out
With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapour from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears!
That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle round th' Eternal Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moon-beam shone

With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through!
Most holy vision! ne'er before
  Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
  The third of the bright stars away—*
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?
  Did not *I*, too, proclaim out thrice
The powerful words that were, that night,—
Oh even for Heaven too much delight!—
  Again to bring us eyes to eyes,
  And soul to soul, in Paradise?
I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—
  I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;
For me the spell had power no more,
  There seem'd around me some dark chain
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
  Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour:
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain

* See Note.

Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So wills th' offended God—for ever!

It was to yonder star I traced
Her journey up th' illumined waste—
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now—such, Purity,
Thy blest reward—ordain'd to be
Her home of light for evermore!

Once—or did I but fancy so?—
Even in her flight to that fair sphere,
'Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn'd below
On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in Heaven, she pities yet;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,

Till lessen'd to a point, as small
As are those specks that yonder burn—
Those vivid drops of light, that fall
The last from day's exhausted urn.
And when at length she merged, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of Heaven and love both pass'd away;
And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,
Till I became—what I am now!

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;
A shame, that of itself would tell—
Were there not even those breaks of flame,
Celestial, through his clouded frame—
How grand the height from which he fell!
That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets
What clear renown it used to wear;

Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine *has* been there.
Once only, while the tale he told,
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy stainless star, where she
Dwelt in her bower of purity!
One minute did he look, and then—
As though he felt some deadly pain
From its sweet light through heart and brain—
Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit?—he
With the proud front and piercing glance—
Who seem'd, when viewing Heaven's expanse,
As though his far-sent eye could see
On, on into th' Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where God's sublimest secrets lie?—
His wings, the while, though day was gone,
Flashing with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew—

A breathing forth of beams at will,
Of living beams, which, though no more
They kept their early lustre, still
Were such, when glittering out all o'er,
As mortal eyelids wink'd before.

'Twas Rubi—once among the prime
And flower of those bright creatures, named
Spirits of Knowledge,* who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,
Second alone to Him, whose light
Was, even to theirs, as day to night—
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide, as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
The vague shores of Infinity!
'Twas Rubi, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by;
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
Like echoes in some silent place,
When first awaked for many a year;
And when he smiled—if o'er his face
Smile ever shone—'twas like the grace

* The Cherubim.—See Note.

Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone.
Even o'er his pride, though still the same,
A softening shade from sorrow came;
And though at times his spirit knew
The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw—
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke
The silence that had come o'er all,
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
Closed the sad history of his fall;
And, while a sacred lustre, flown
For many a day, relumed his cheek,
And not those sky-tuned lips alone
But his eyes, brow, and tresses, roll'd
Like sunset waves, all seem'd to speak—
Thus his eventful story told:—

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

You both remember well the day
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
He, whom all living things obey,
Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When, 'mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First open'd upon Heaven and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went
Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul

Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
  The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
  And varying Heaven's reflections there—
Or, like the light of evening, stealing
  O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
  Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground
She look'd—and at the sea—the skies—
  And heard the rush of many a wing,
  By God's command then vanishing,
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still lingering—mine among the rest,—
Reluctant leaving scene so blest?

From that miraculous hour, the fate
Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
For ever, with a spell-like weight,
Upon my spirit—early, late,
Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,
The thought of what might yet befal
That splendid creature mix'd with all.—
Nor she alone, but her whole race
Through ages yet to come—whate'er
Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
All waked my soul's intensest care;
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
God's most disturbing mystery!

It was my doom—even from the first,
When summon'd with my cherub peers,
To witness the young vernal burst
Of Nature through those blooming spheres,
Those flowers of light, that sprung beneath
The first touch of th' Eternal's breath—
It was my doom still to be haunted
By some new wonder, some sublime

And matchless work, that, for the time,
Held all my soul, enchain'd, enchanted,
And left me not a thought, a dream,
A word, but on that only theme!

The wish to know—that endless thirst,
Which even by quenching is awaked,
And which becomes or bless'd or cursed,
As is the fount whereat 'tis slaked—
Still urged me onward, with desire
Insatiate, to explore, inquire—
Whate'er the wondrous things might be,
That waked each new idolatry—
Their cause, aim, source from whence they sprung,
Their inmost powers, as though for me
Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars,
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
Of light, for gods to journey by!
They were my heart's first passion—days
And nights, unwearied, in their rays

Have I hung floating, till each sense
Seem'd full of their bright influence.
Innocent joy! alas, how much
Of misery had I shunn'd below,
Could I have still lived blest with such;
Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe!

Often—so much I loved to trace
The secrets of this starry race—
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun,
Like webs, between them and the sun,
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes—
Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sentinels,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells,
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each
What soul within their radiance dwelt,

And wishing their sweet light were speech,
That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow—lest a ray
Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exulting out, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport, night and morn;
Ere this still newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flowers of Paradise!
Thenceforth my nature all was changed,
My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;
And he, who but so lately ranged
Yon wonderful expanse, where glow

Worlds upon worlds, yet found his mind
Even in that luminous range confined,
Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
In vain my former idols glisten'd
From their far thrones; in vain these ears
To the once-thrilling music listen'd,
That hymn'd around my favourite spheres—
To earth, to earth each thought was given,
That in this half-lost soul had birth;
Like some high mount, whose head's in Heaven,
While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it Love, even yet, that thrall'd
My spirit in his burning ties;
And less, still less could it be call'd
That grosser flame, round which Love flies
Nearer and nearer, till he dies—
No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
With passion, more profound, intense,—
A vehement, but wandering fire,
Which, though nor love, nor yet desire,

Though through all womankind it took
  Its range, as vague as lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
  To fix it burning upon *One*.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
  The insatiate curiosity
To know what shapes, so fair, must feel—
To look, but once, beneath the seal
  Of so much loveliness, and see
What souls belong'd to those bright eyes—
  Whether, as sun-beams find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies,
  Those looks could inward turn their ray,
  To make the soul as bright as they!
All this impell'd my anxious chase,
  And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,
  The intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
  Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which God made solely to receive
  The first light of her waking eyes.

I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man—oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite—her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true;
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led—
Mingled with (what I durst not blame,
For 'tis my own) that wish to *know*,
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;
Which, though from Heaven all pure it came,
Yet stain'd, misused, brought sin and shame
On her, on me, on all below!
I had seen this; had seen Man—arm'd
As his soul is with strength and sense—
By her first words to ruin charm'd;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smiled away!

Nay—stranger yet—spite of all this—
Though by her counsels taught to err,
Though driven from Paradise for her
(And *with* her—*that*, at least, was bliss),
Had I not heard him, ere he cross'd
The threshold of that earthly Heaven,
Which by her wildering smile he lost—
So quickly was the wrong forgiven—
Had I not heard him, as he press'd
The frail, fond trembler, to a breast
Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
Call her—think what—his Life! his Life!*
Yes—such the love-taught name—the first
That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
Even in his out-cast hour, when curst,
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love—the grave!
She, who brought death into the world,
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd

* Chavah, the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression, means "Life."—See Note.

Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
  The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
  Life, endless Life, while she was near!

Could I help wondering at a creature,
  Enchanted round with spells so strong—
One, to whose every thought, word, feature,
  In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence Heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her—
  New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
  As sure of man through praise and blame,
  Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
Their still unreasoning worshipper—
  And, wheresoe'er they smiled, the same
  Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
  This world, with all its destinies,

Devotedly by Heaven seems cast,
To save or damn it, as they please!

Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some *one*, from out that shining throng,
Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole matchless sex, from which,
In my own arms beheld, possess'd,
I might learn all the powers to witch,
To warm, and (if my fate unbless'd
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense
I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
Rifle, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer,—
(For such—oh what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong?—this lip preferr'd)—
At length my ominous prayer was heard—

But whether heard in Heaven or Hell,
Listen—and you will know *too* well.

There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at every step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bless—
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought—
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame—

Of form, as pliant as the shoots
  Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits
  That drop from it in summer's hour—
'Twas not alone this loveliness
  That falls to loveliest woman's share,
  Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
  Enough to make all others fair—
But 'twas the Mind, sparkling about
Through her whole frame—the soul, brought out
To light each charm, yet independent
  Of what it lighted, as the sun,
That shines on flowers, would be resplendent
  Were there no flowers to shine upon—
'Twas this, all this, in one combined,
  Th' unnumber'd looks and arts that form
The glory of young woman-kind
  Taken in their first fusion, warm,
  Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
  As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefined,
  The impress of divinity!

'Twas this—a union, which the hand
Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
In angel-natures and her own—
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to Heaven as I,
My bright twin sister of the sky—
One, in whose love, I felt, were given
The mix'd delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in Heaven,
And all the senses burn for here!

Had we—but hold—hear every part
Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—
Hear every step, so full of bliss,
And yet so ruinous, that led
Down to the last dark precipice,
Where perish'd both—the fall'n, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her—day and night

Hovering unseen around her way,
And 'mid her loneliest musings near,
I soon could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;
And there, among the countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glowing,
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—
Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rainbow joys that end in weeping,
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping—
'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er
Young hearts are beating—I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
Glimpses of glory, far away
Into the bright, vague future given,
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
Like that of eaglets, is near Heaven!
With this, too—what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempter's art!—

A zeal for knowledge such as ne'er
Enshrined itself in form so fair
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,
  With every fruit of Eden bless'd,
Save only *one*, rather than leave
  That one unknown, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
  With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
In that rich twilight of the soul,
  When Reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape that Fancy builds—
'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought
  Vague, glimmering visions to her view—
Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
  And vistas with a void seen through—
Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
  Then closed, dissolved, and left no trace—
All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
  But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
Pure as the young moon's coronet,

Through every dream *still* in her sight,
The enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
Who said "Behold yon world of light,"
Then sudden dropp'd a veil between!

At length, when I perceived each thought,
Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
But these illusive scenes, and me,
The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half revealments, only meant
To madden curiosity—
When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound,
One night—'twas in a holy spot,
Which she for prayer had chosen—a grot
Of purest marble, built below
Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,
Brightly pervading all the place—
Like that mysterious light the soul,
Itself unseen, tsheds hrough the face—
There, at her altar while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt,

When God and man both claim'd her sighs—
Every warm thought that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes,—
Thus, by the tender light, which lay
Dissolving round, as if its ray
Was breathed from her, I heard her say:—

"Oh, idol of my dreams! whate'er
"Thy nature be—human, divine,
"Or but half heavenly—still too fair,
"Too heavenly to be ever mine!

"Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
"Slumber so lovely, that it seems
"No longer life to live awake,
"Since Heaven itself descends in dreams,

"Why do I ever lose thee? why—
"When on thy realms and thee I gaze—
"Still drops that veil, which I could die,
"Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

" Long ere such miracles as thou
" And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst
" For light was in this soul, which now
" Thy looks have into passion nursed.

" There's nothing bright above, below,
" In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
" Doth not intensely burn to know,
" And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

" Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
" The curtains of thy radiant home,
" Whether thou wouldst as God be shrined,
" Or loved and clasp'd as mortal, come!

" Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
" That I may waking know and see—
" Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
" Thy Heaven or—ay, even *that* with thee!

" Demon or God, who hold'st the book
" Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
" Give me, with thee, but one bright look
" Into its leaves, and let me die!

" By those ethereal wings, whose way
" Lies through an element, so fraught
" With floating Mind, that, as they play,
" Their every movement is a thought!

" By that most precious hair, between
" Whose golden clusters the sweet wind
" Of Paradise so late hath been,
" And left its fragrant soul behind!

" By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
" Their light into the inmost heart,
" Like sunset in the waters, felt
" As molten fire through every part,—

" I do implore thee, oh most bright
" And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
" My waking, wondering eyes this night,
" This one bless'd night—I ask no more!"

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last—

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she raised,
  And there just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me—not as I had blazed
  Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soften'd down
Into more mortal grace—my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
  Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
  When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;
  Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheathed, rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star—
And nothing left, but what beseem'd
  Th' accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd
  Back upon hers, as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same,
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
  For her and for her love—oh more

Of Heaven's light than even the power
Of Heaven itself could now restore!

And yet that hour!——

The Spirit here
Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
Of his then rushing thoughts—like chords,
Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong—
While the clench'd hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throbb'd there now!
But soon 'twas o'er—that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days,
That relic of a flame, whose burning
Had been too fierce to be relumed,
Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning
To his bright listeners, thus resumed:—

Days, months elapsed, and, though what most
On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all,—
Yet—was I happy? God, thou know'st,

Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
What happiness is theirs, who fall!
'Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen
Even by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of Hell
In agonizing cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
In purgatory catch of Heaven!
The only feeling that to me
Seem'd joy, or rather my sole rest
From aching misery, was to see
My young, proud, blooming Lilis bless'd—
She, the fair fountain of all ill
To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
Fervidly panted after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first!—
To see *her* happy—to reflect
Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worshipp'd even my shade—
This was, I own, enjoyment—this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.

And proud she was, bright creature!—proud,
Beyond what even most queenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bowed
That beautiful young brow of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
Stronger and stronger—to which even
Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
Every thing strange in earth and Heaven;
Not only what God loves to show,
But all that He hath seal'd below
In darkness for man *not* to know—
Even this desire, alas, ill-starr'd
And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarr'd
Such realms of wonder on her thought,
As ne'er, till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!
In the deep earth—beneath the sea—
Through caves of fire—through wilds of air—
Wherever sleeping Mystery
Had spread her curtain, we were there—

Love still beside us, as we went,
At home in each new element,
And sure of worship every where!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,
"Bright creature, this is all thine own!"
Then first were diamonds caught—like eyes
Shining in darkness—by surprise,
And made to light the conquering way
Of proud young Beauty with their ray.
Then, too, the pearl from out its shell
Unsightly in the sunless sea
(As 'twere a spirit forced to dwell
In form unlovely), was set free,
And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrow'd too.
For never did this maid—whate'er
Th' ambition of the hour—forget
Her sex's pride in being fair,
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form, more mighty yet.

Nor was there aught within the range
Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,
I did not seek with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,
I've said, "nay, look not there, my love,
Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!"

But not alone the wonders found
Through Nature's realm—th' unveil'd, material,
Visible glories that hang round,
Like lights, through her enchanted ground—
But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence—
The mystery of that Fountain-head,
From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life where'er 'tis shed,
Through men or angels, flowers or suns—
The workings of th' Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos he design'd

The outlines of this world; and through
That spread of darkness—like the bow,
Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue—
Saw the grand, gradual picture grow!—
The covenant with human kind
Which God hath made—the chains of Fate
He round himself and them hath twined,
Till his high task he consummate—
Till good from evil, love from hate,
Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,
And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
And some, perhaps, even more profound,
More wildering to the mind than these,
Which—far as woman's thought could sound,
Or a fallen, outlaw'd spirit reach—
She dared to learn, and I to teach.
Till—fill'd with such unearthly lore,
And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that Fancy had, before,
Shed in false tinted glimmerings—

Th' enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
  Inspired, among her own dark race,
Who from their altars, in the sun
Left standing half adorn'd, would run
  To gaze upon her holier face.
And, though but wild the things she spoke,
Yet 'mid that play of error's smoke
  Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke—
Glimpses that have not yet awoke,
  But startled the still dreaming world!
Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
  Which God would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till his own time,
  Stole out in these revealments then—
Revealments dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the bright, Saving One! *
Like that imperfect dawn, or light
  Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,

* It is the opinion of some of the Fathers, that the knowledge which the Heathens possessed of the Providence of God, a Future State, and other sublime doctrines of Christianity, was derived from the premature revelations of these fallen angels to the women of earth.—See Note.

Which makes the doubtful east half bright
  Before the real morning shines!

Thus did some moons of bliss go by—
  Of bliss to her, who saw but love
And knowledge throughout earth and sky;
To whose enamour'd soul and eye,
I seem'd, as is the sun on high,
  The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea, land, and air,
Whose influence, felt every where,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
Even to the world's extremest part—
While through that world her reinless mind
  Had now career'd so fast and far,
That earth itself seem'd left behind,
And her proud fancy, unconfined,
  Already saw Heaven's gates a-jar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh still,
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
  Which looks at once before and back,

Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
And sees both comfortless, both black—
Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forget all ill;
Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmur'd not.
When thoughts of an offended Heaven,
Of sinfulness, which I—even I,
While down its steep most headlong driven,—
Well knew could never be forgiven,
Came o'er me with an agony
Beyond all reach of mortal woe,—
A torture kept for those who know,
Know every thing, and, worst of all,
Know and love virtue while they fall!—
Even then her presence had the power
To soothe, to warm,—nay, even to bless—
If ever bliss could graft its flower
On stem so full of bitterness—
Even then her glorious smile to me
Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm,
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
  Which all who love beneath the sky,
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—
  The dreadful thought that it must die!
That desolating thought, which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes;
Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads!
This fear, so sad to all—to me
  Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on, when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea
  Fell yesterday, in vain be sought—
That Heaven to me the final seal
  Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel
  The death-pang, without power to die!
Even this, her fond endearments—fond
As ever twisted the sweet bond
'Twixt heart and heart—could charm away:
Before her look no clouds would stay,

Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on!
There seem'd a freshness in her breath,
Beyond the reach, the power of death!
And then, her voice—oh, who could doubt
That 'twould for ever thus breathe out
A music, like the harmony
Of the tuned orbs, too sweet to die!
While in her lip's awakening touch
There thrill'd a life ambrosial—such
As mantles in the fruit steep'd through
With Eden's most delicious dew—
Till I could almost think, though known
And loved as human, they had grown
By bliss, celestial as my own!

But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long;
And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of a tempter's sin—
Shadow of death, whose withering frown
  Kills whatsoe'er it lights upon—
  Too deep for even *her* soul to shun
The desolation it brings down!

Listen, and, if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dream'd away;
In that same garden, where, beneath
The silent earth, stripp'd of my wreath,
And furling up those wings, whose light
For mortal gaze were else too bright,
I first had stood before her sight;
And found myself—oh, ecstacy,
  Which even in pain I ne'er forget—
Worshipp'd as only God should be,
  And loved as never man was yet!
In that same garden we were now,
  Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow
  With its own silent fancies shining.
It was an evening bright and still
  As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from Heaven, as if nought ill
  Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad
  In looking at that light—even she,

Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
Felt the mute hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw, in that repose,
The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world—the close
Of all things beautiful and bright—
The last grand sun-set, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as if some thought, awaking
Suddenly, sprung within her breast—
Like a young bird, when daylight breaking
Startles him from his dreamy nest—
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
As if to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smiled and said :—

" I had, last night, a dream of thee,
" Resembling those divine ones, given,
" Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
" Before thou cam'st, thyself, from Heaven.

" The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
" Dazzling as if of star-light made;
" And these wings, lying darkly now,
" Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.

" All bright as in those happy dreams
" Thou stood'st, a creature to adore
" No less than love, breathing out beams,
" As flowers do fragrance, at each pore!

" Sudden I felt thee draw me near
" To thy pure heart, where, fondly placed,
" I seem'd within the atmosphere
" Of that exhaling light embraced;

" And, as thou held'st me there, the flame
" Pass'd from thy heavenly soul to mine,
" Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
" Like thee, all spirit, all divine.

" Say, why did dream so bright come o'er me,
" If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?
" When will my Cherub shine before me
" Thus radiant, as in Heaven he shone?

" When shall I, waking, be allow'd
" To gaze upon those perfect charms,
" And hold thee thus, without a cloud,
" A chill of earth, within my arms?

" Oh what a pride to say—this, this
" Is my own Angel—all divine,
" And pure, and dazzling as he is,
" And fresh from Heaven, he's mine, he's mine!

" Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,
" A creature of yon lofty skies,
" She would have hid one single grace,
" One glory from her lover's eyes?

" No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me,
" Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
" Of thy most proud divinity,
" Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal gaze.

" Too long have I look'd doating on
" Those ardent eyes, intense even thus—
" Too near the stars themselves have gone,
" To fear aught grand or luminous.

" Then doubt me not—oh, who can say
  " But that this dream may yet come true,
" And my blest spirit drink thy ray
  " Till it becomes all heavenly too?

" Let me this once but feel the flame
  " Of those spread wings, the very pride
" Will change my nature, and this frame
  " By the mere touch be deified!"

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not used
To be by man or God refused—
As one, who felt her influence o'er
  All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,
And, though to Heaven she could not soar,
  At least would bring down Heaven to her!

Little did she, alas, or I—
  Even I, whose soul, but half-way yet
Immerged in sin's obscurity,
Was as the planet where we lie,
  O'er half whose disk the sun is set—
Little did we foresee the fate,
  The dreadful—how can it be told?

Oh God! such anguish to relate
Is o'er again to feel, behold!
But, charged as 'tis, my heart must speak
Its sorrow out, or it will break!

Some dark misgivings *had*, I own,
Pass'd for a moment through my breast—
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
To one, or both—something unbless'd
To happen from this proud request.
But soon these boding fancies fled;
Nor saw I aught that could forbid
My full revealment, save the dread
Of that first dazzle, that unhid
And bursting glory on a lid
Untried in Heaven—and even this glare
She might, by love's own nursing care,
Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.
For well I knew the lustre shed
From my rich wings, when proudliest spread,
Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
And innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night.

Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
Through clouds in which the lightning slept,
As in his lair, ready to spring,
Yet waked him not—though from my wing
A thousand sparks fell glittering!
Oft too when round me from above
The feather'd snow (which, for its whiteness,
In my pure days I used to love)
Fell, like the moultings of Heaven's Dove,—
So harmless, though so full of brightness,
Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
From off its flowers each downy flake
As delicate, unmelted, fair,
And cool as they had fallen there!

Nay even with Lilis—had I not
Around her sleep in splendor come—
Hung o'er each beauty, nor forgot
To print my radiant lips on some?
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
Had she not waked, unscathed and bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?

Even when the rays I scatter'd stole
Intensest to her dreaming soul,
No thrill disturb'd th' insensate frame—
So subtle, so refined that flame,
Which, rapidly as lightnings melt
  The blade within the unharm'd sheath,
Can, by the outward form unfelt,
  Reach and dissolve the soul beneath!

Thus having (as, alas, deceived
By my sin's blindness, I believed)
No cause for dread, and those black eyes
  There fix'd upon me, eagerly
As if th' unlocking of the skies
  Then waited but a sign from me—
How was I to refuse? how say
  One word that in her heart could stir
A fear, a doubt, but that each ray
  I brought from Heaven belong'd to her!
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Stood up, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope, desire,
  She waited for the awful boon,

Like priestesses, with eyes of fire
  Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose beams—they know, yet cannot shun—
Will madden them when look'd upon!
Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from Heaven came down,
I left—see, where those clouds afar
  Sail through the west—there hangs it yet,
Shining remote, more like a star
  Than a fallen angel's coronet—
Of all my glories, this alone
  Was wanting—but th' illumined brow,
The curls, like tendrils that had grown
  Out of the sun—the eyes, that now
Had love's light added to their own,
And shed a blaze, before unknown
Even to themselves—th' unfolded wings,
From which, as from two radiant springs,
Sparkles fell fast around, like spray—
All I could bring of Heaven's array,
  Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;

And, proud that in her eyes I shone
  Thus glorious, glided to her arms,
Which still (though at a sight so splendid
  Her dazzled brow had instantly
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
  To clasp the form she durst not see!

Great God! how *could* thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,
  When—oh most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—
  Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now by my transgression turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
  Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes,
Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie
  Black'ning within my arms to ashes!
Those cheeks, a glory but to see—
  Those lips, whose touch was what the first

Fresh cup of immortality
  Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those arms, within whose gentle round,
My heart's horizon, the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, Heaven was found!
Which, even in this dread moment, fond
  As when they first were round me cast,
Loosed not in death the fatal bond,
  But, burning, held me to the last—
That hair, from under whose dark veil,
The snowy neck, like a white sail
At moonlight seen 'twixt wave and wave,
Shone out by gleams—that hair, to save
But one of whose long, glossy wreaths,
I could have died ten thousand deaths!—
All, all, that seem'd, one minute since,
So full of love's own redolence,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came—
And I the fiend, whose foul caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas madd'ning, 'twas—but hear even worse—
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust, and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear—
Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agonized farewell,
And look'd in mine with—oh, that look!
Avenging Power, whate'er the hell
Thou may'st to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!—
In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss impress'd,
So withering!—I feel it now—
'Twas fire—but fire, even more unbless'd
Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element!
Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went,
And here—see here, the mark, the stain

It left upon my front—burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin—
A brand, which even the wreathed pride
Of these bright curls, still forced aside
By its foul contact, cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence—
  Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, but for one proud, fond offence,
  Had honour'd Heaven itself, should be
Now doom'd—I cannot speak it—no,
Merciful God! it *is* not so—
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.
And yet, that look—that look, so fraught
  With more than anguish, with despair—
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
  In Heaven or earth—this scorch I bear!—
Oh,—for the first time that these knees
  Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees
  Thou could'st for prayer like mine recal,
Pardon that spirit, and on me,
  On me, who taught her pride to err,

Shed out each drop of agony
  Thy burning phial keeps for her!
See, too, where low beside me kneel
  Two other out-casts, who, though gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
  And pray for that poor mortal one.
Alas, too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe
That Passion brings down on the best,
The wisest and the loveliest.—
Oh, who is to be saved, if such
  Bright, erring souls are not forgiven?
So loth they wander, and so much
  Their very wanderings lean tow'rds Heaven!
Again, I cry, Just God, transfer
  That creature's sufferings all to me—
  Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be—
To save one minute's pain to her,
  Let mine last all eternity!

He paused, and to the earth bent down
  His throbbing head; while they, who felt

That agony as 'twere their own,
Those angel youths, beside him knelt,
And, in the night's still silence there,
While mournfully each wandering air
Play'd in those plumes, that never more
To their lost home in Heaven must soar,
Breathed inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—
And which if Mercy *did not* hear,
Oh, God would not be what this bright
And glorious universe of his,
This world of beauty, goodness, light
And endless love, proclaims He *is!*

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
That crown'd that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found
Some happy theme, and murmur'd round
The new-born fancy—with fond tone,
Like that of ring-dove o'er her brood—
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own!
Till soon a voice that match'd as well
That gentle instrument, as suits

The sea-air to an ocean-shell
(So kin its spirit to the lute's),
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought that else had lain
Unfledged and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound—but chief
The third young Angel, in whose face,
Though faded like the others, grief
Had left a gentler, holier trace;
As if, even yet, through pain and ill,
Hope had not quit him—as if still
Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the wood, from whence that sound
Of solitary sweetness broke,
Then listening, look delighted round
To his bright peers, while thus it spoke:—

" Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
" My angel-lord, come pray with me;
" In vain to-night my lip hath strove
" To send one holy prayer above—
" The knee may bend, the lip may move,
" But pray I cannot without thee!

" I've fed the altar in my bower
" With droppings from the incense tree;
" I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,
" But dim it burns the livelong hour,
" As if, like me, it had no power
" Of life or lustre, without thee!

" A boat at midnight sent alone
" To drift upon the moonless sea,
" A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
" A wounded bird, that hath but one
" Imperfect wing to soar upon,
" Are like what I am, without thee!

" Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
" In life or death, thyself from me;
" But when again, in sunny pride,

" Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
" A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
" Oh happier thus than without thee!"

The song had ceased, when from the wood—
Where, curving down that airy height,
It reach'd the spot on which they stood—
There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blazed
Across the brow of one, who raised
The flame aloft (as if to throw
Its light upon that group below),
Display'd two eyes, sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces,
That haunt a poet's walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy places
Upon his dreams of love and Heaven.
'Twas but a moment—the blush, brought
O'er all her features at the thought
Of being seen thus, late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought,
Had scarcely for an instant shone
Through the dark leaves when she was gone—

Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,
" Look, look, how beautiful ! "—'tis fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,
" I come, my NAMA," reach'd her ear,
In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home,—
Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grow *one*—of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear!
A music, breathing of the past,
The present and the time to be,
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind
Summon'd away, remain behind;
Nor did there need much time to tell
What they—alas, more fallen than he
From happiness and Heaven—knew well,
His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run—*not* as he told
The tale himself, but as 'tis graved

Upon the tablets that, of old,
By CHAM were from the deluge saved,
All written over with sublime
And saddening legends of th' unbless'd,
But glorious Spirits of that time,
And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

Among the Spirits, of pure flame,
That round th' Almighty Throne abide—
Circles of light, that from the same
Eternal centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side
(Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound),
Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffused into infinity!
First and immediate near the Throne,
As if peculiarly God's own,
The Seraphs * stand—this burning sign
Traced on their banner, "Love Divine!"
Their rank, their honours, far above
Even those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,
Though knowing all—so much doth Love
Transcend all knowledge, even in Heaven!

* The Seraphim are the Spirits of Divine Love.—See Note.

'Mong these was ZARAPH once—and none
E'er felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearn'd towards th' Eternal One,
With half such longing, deep desire.
Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole—
The very life-breath of his heart!

Often, when from th' Almighty brow
A lustre came, too bright to bear,
And all the seraph ranks would bow
Their heads beneath their wings, nor dare
To look upon th' effulgence there—
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
(Such pride he in adoring took),
And rather lose, in that one gaze,
The power of looking, than *not* look!
Then too, when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strung
Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
The moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
First touch'd the threshold of the skies,

Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of Zaraph above all rejoice!
Love was in every buoyant tone,
  Such love as only could belong
To the blest angels, and alone
  Could, even from angels, bring such song!

Alas, that it should e'er have been
  The same in Heaven as it is here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
  But it hath pain and peril near—
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
  That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
  Of the heart's balance into ill—
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
  So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, even the most secure,
  Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel—such
  The charm that sloped his fall along
From good to ill, from loving much,
  Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.—

Even so that am'rous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,
From the bright things above the moon
  Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
Till love for the Creator soon
  In passion for the creature ended!

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
  Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he loved steal o'er
  The silver waters that lay mute,
As loth, by even a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off beyond the ocean's brim—
  There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er th' horizon's golden rim,
  Into Elysium roll'd away!
Of God she sung, and of the mild
  Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smiled,
  Ready, with her white hand, to guide

His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
That she might quench them on the way!
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
  The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
So fond, that with her every tear
  The light of that love-star is mix'd!—
All this she sung, and such a soul
  Of piety was in that song,
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
  Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the daylight's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some spirit gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music's melting course,
He saw upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,

Before whose feet th' expiring waves
  Flung their last tribute with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
  Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
  As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
  She raised, like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
  To be adored than to adore—
Such eyes as may have look'd *from* Heaven,
  But ne'er were raised to it before!

Oh Love, Religion, Music—all
  That's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recal
  A trace of their high glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
  How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
  When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
  Too oft, entranced Religion lies!

While Music, Music is the link
They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel
That moment's witcheries?—one so fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he *did* feel it—far too well—
With warmth, that much too dearly cost—
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
Before religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledged, in love to live and die—

Then first did woman's virgin brow
That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which when it dies, no second vow
Can bid a new one bloom out there—
Bless'd union! by that Angel wove,
And worthy from such hands to come;
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fallen or exiled from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,
Had, from his station 'mong the bless'd
Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
God's image, there so bright before—
Yet never did that God look down
On error with a brow so mild;
Never did justice launch a frown,
That, ere it fell, so nearly smiled.
For gentle was their love, with awe
And trembling like a treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law,

Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both—but most
In NAMA's heart, by whom alone
Those charms, for which a Heaven was lost,
Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;
And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,
And hid hers glowing on his breast,
Even bliss was humbled by the thought—
"What claim have I to be so bless'd?"

Still less could maid, so meek, have nursed
Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst,
With which the sex hath all been cursed,
From luckless EVE to her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the Angels—no—
To love as her own Seraph loved,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—
Faith, that, were even its light removed,
Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,
And wait till it shone out again—

With Patience that, though often bow'd
By the rude storm, can rise anew,
And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,
Sees sunny Good half breaking through!
This deep, relying Love, worth more
In Heaven than all a cherub's lore—
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride,
Of her fond heart—th' unreasoning scope
Of all its views, above, below—
So true she felt it that to *hope*,
To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.

And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abash'd, but pure before their God;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar's holy light
Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love, awhile untied
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last—

Two fallen Splendors, from that tree,
Which buds with such eternally,*
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment (as wrong,
However sweet, must bear its brand),
Their only doom was this—that, long
As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here—the same
Throughout all time, in heart and frame—
Still looking to that goal sublime,
Whose light remote, but sure, they see,
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity!
Subject, the while, to all the strife
True love encounters in this life—
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;
The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapour, ere they rise;

* An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendors of the Jew Cabbala, represented as a tree, of which God is the crown summit.—See Note.

The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies.
Still worse, th' illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink;
That tempt him on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas,
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Bless'd meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the loved face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confidings frank, without control,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again!—

That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far!
Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,
Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like Heaven's inhabitants—

Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
  Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the way-side violet,
  That shines unseen, and were it not
  For its sweet breath would be forgot—
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
  Whose voices utter the same wills,
Answering, as Echo doth some tone
  Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain—
Whose piety is love, whose love,
  Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above—
  Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to th' other thrown,
Is Heaven's reflection, not their own—
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure,
  There is but *one* such pair below,
And, as we bless them on their way
Through the world's wilderness, may say,
  "There ZARAPH and his NAMA go."

NOTES.

NOTES.

PREFACE, p. iv.

An erroneous translation by the LXX. *of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, etc.*

THE error of these interpreters (and, it is said, of the old Italic version also) was in making it οἱ Ἄγγελοι τοῦ Θεοῦ, "the *Angels* of God," instead of "the *Sons*"—a mistake, which, assisted by the allegorizing comments of Philo, and the rhapsodical fictions of the Book of Enoch,* was more than sufficient to affect the imaginations of such half-Pagan writers as Clemens Alexandrinus, Tertullian, and Lactantius, who, chiefly, among the Fathers, have indulged themselves in fanciful reveries upon the subject. The greater number, however, have rejected the fiction with indignation. Chrysostom, in his twenty-second Homily upon Genesis, earnestly exposes its absurdity;† and Cyril accounts such a suppo-

* It is lamentable to think that this absurd production, of which we now know the whole from Dr. Laurence's translation, should ever have been considered as an inspired or authentic work.—See the Preliminary Dissertation prefixed to the Translation.

† One of the arguments of Chrysostom is, that Angels are no where else, in the Old Testament, called "Sons of

sition as ἐγγυς μωριας, "bordering on folly."* According to these Fathers (and their opinion has been followed by all the theologians, down from St. Thomas to Caryl and Lightfoot†), the term "Sons of God," must be understood to mean the descendants of Seth, by Enos—a family peculiarly favoured by Heaven, because with them men first began "to call upon the name of the Lord"—while, by "the daughters of men," they suppose that the corrupt race of Cain is designated. The probability, however, is, that the words in question ought to have been translated "the sons of the nobles "or great men," as we find them interpreted in the Targum of Onkelos (the most ancient and accurate of all the Chaldaic paraphrases), and, as it appears from

)God,"—but his commentator, Montfaucon, shows that he is mistaken, and that in the Book of Job they are so designated, c. 1. v. 6.) both in the original Hebrew and the Vulgate, though not in the Septuagint, which alone, he says, Chrysostom read.

* Lib. ii. Glaphyrorum.—Philæstrius, in his enumeration of heresies, classes this story of the Angels among the number, and says it deseryes only to be ranked with those fictions about gods and goddesses, to which the fancy of the Pagan poets gave birth:—"Sicuti et Paganorum et Poetarum mendacia "adserunt deos deasque transformatos nefanda conjugia com-"misisse."—De Hæres. Edit. Basil. p. 101.

† Lightfoot says, "The sons of God, or the members of the Church, and the progeny of Seth, marrying carelessly and promiscuously with the daughters of men, or brood of Cain," etc. I find in Pole that, according to the Samaritan version, the phrase may be understood as meaning "the Sons of *the Judges*."—So variously may the Hebrew word, Elohim, be interpreted.

Cyril, the version of Symmachus also rendered them. This translation of the passage removes all difficulty, and at once relieves the Sacred History of an extravagance, which, however it may suit the imagination of the poet, is inconsistent with all our notions, both philosophical and religious.

PAGE 8.

Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!

Dionysius (De Cœlest. Hierarch.) is of opinion, that when Isaiah represents the Seraphim as crying out "one unto the other," his intention is to describe those communications of the Divine thought and will, which are continually passing from the higher orders of the angels to the lower:—οἷα καὶ αὐτὰς τὰς θειοτάτας Σεραφὶμ οἱ θεολόγοι φασὶν ἑτέρου πρὸς τὸν ἑτέρον κεκραγέναι, σαφῶς ἐν τούτῳ, καθάπερ οἶμαι, δηλοῦντες, ὅτι τῶν θεολογικῶν γνώσεων οἱ πρῶτοι τοῖς δευτέροις μεταδιδόασι.— See also, in the Paraphrase of Pachymer upon Dionysius, cap. 2. rather a striking passage, in which he represents all living creatures as being, in a stronger or fainter degree, "echoes of God."

PAGE 11.

One of earth's fairest womankind
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook.

This is given upon the authority, or rather according to the fancy, of some of the Fathers who suppose that the women of earth were first seen by the angels in this

situation; and St. Basil has even made it the serious foundation of rather a rigorous rule for the toilette of his fair disciples; adding, ἱκανον γαρ εστι παραγυμνουμενον καλλος και υἱους θεου προς ἡδονην γοητευσαι, και ὡς ανθρωπους διαταυτην αποθνησκοντας, θνητους αποδειξαι.—De Vera Virginitat. tom. i. p. 747. edit. Paris. 1618.

Page 15.

The Spirit of yon beauteous star.

It is the opinion of Kircher, Ricciolus, etc. (and was, I believe, to a certain degree, that of Origen) that the stars are moved and directed by intelligences or angels who preside over them. Among other passages from Scripture in support of this notion, they cite those words of the Book of Job, "When the morning stars sang together."—Upon which Kircher remarks, "Non de materialibus intelligitur." Itin. 1. Isagog. Astronom. See also Caryl's most wordy Commentary on the same text.

Page 17.

And the bright Watchers near the throne.

"The Watchers, the offspring of Heaven."—Book of Enoch. In Daniel also the angels are called watchers:—"And behold, a watcher and an holy one came down from Heaven." iv. 13.

Page 19.

Then, too, that juice of earth, etc. etc.

For all that relates to the nature and attributes of angels, the time of their creation, the extent of their

knowledge, and the power which they possess, or can occasionally assume of performing such human functions as eating, drinking, etc. etc., I shall refer those who are inquisitive upon the subject to the following works:—The Treatise upon the Celestial Hierarchy, written under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, in which, among much that is heavy and trifling, there are some sublime notions concerning the agency of these spiritual creatures—The Questions "de Cognitione Angelorum" of St. Thomas, where he examines most prolixly into such puzzling points as "whether angels illuminate each other," "whether they speak to each other," etc. etc.—The Thesaurus of Cocceius, containing extracts from almost every theologian that has written on the subject—The 9th, 10th, and 11th chapters, sixth book, of "l'Histoire des Juifs," where all the extraordinary reveries of the Rabbins* about angels and dæmons are enumerated—The Questions attributed

* The following may serve as specimens:—"Les Anges ne savent point la langue chaldaïque; c'est pourquoi ils ne portent point à Dieu les oraisons de ceux qui prient dans cette langue. Ils se trompent souvent; ils ont des erreurs dangereuses; car l'Ange de la mort, qui est chargé de faire mourir un homme, en prend quelquefois un autre, ce qui cause de grands désordres. . . . . Ils sont chargés de chanter devant Dieu le cantique, *Saint, Saint est le Dieu des armées;* mais ils ne remplissent cet office qu'une fois le jour, dans une semaine, dans un mois, dans un an, dans un siècle, ou dans l'éternité. L'Ange qui luttoit contre Jacob le pressa de le laisser aller, lorsque l'Aurore parut, parce que c'étoit son tour de chanter le cantique ce jour-là, ce qu'il n'avoit encore jamais fait."

to St. Athanasius—The Treatise of Bonaventure upon the Wings of the Seraphim*—and, lastly, the ponderous folio of Suarez "de Angelis," where the reader will find all that has ever been fancied or reasoned, upon a subject which only *such* writers could have contrived to render so dull.

PAGE 20.

Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd, etc.

Some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the Eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as it is given by Mariti, who says, that the author of the Taalim founds upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine. The Bahardanush tells the story differently.

PAGE 20.

Why, why have hapless Angels eyes?

Tertullian imagines that the words of St. Paul, "Woman ought to have a veil on her head,† *on account of the angels*," have an evident reference to the fatal

* This work (which, notwithstanding its title, is, probably, quite as dull as the rest) I have not, myself, been able to see, having searched for it in vain through the King's Library at Paris, though assisted by the zeal and kindness of M. Langlés and M. Vonpradt, whose liberal administration of that most liberal establishment, entitles them—not only for the immediate effect of such conduct, but for the useful and civilizing example it holds forth—to the most cordial gratitude of the whole literary world.

† 1 Corinth. xi. 10. Dr. Macknight's Translation.

effects which the beauty of women once produced upon these spiritual beings. See the strange passage of this Father (de Virgin. Velandis), beginning "Si enim propter angelos," etc. where his editor Pamelius endeavours to save his morality at the expense of his Latinity, by substituting the word "excussat" for "excusat." Such instances of indecorum, however, are but too common throughout the Fathers, in proof of which I need only refer to some passages in the same writer's treatise, "De Animâ,"—to the Second and Third Books of the Pædagogus of Clemens Alexandrinus, and to the instances which La Mothe le Vayer has adduced from Chrysostom in his Hexameron Rustique, Journée Seconde.

PAGE 25.

When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away.

"And his tail drew the third part of the stars of Heaven, and did cast them to the earth." Revelat. xii. 4.—"Docent sancti (says Suarez) supremum angelum traxisse secum tertiam partem stellarum." Lib. 7. cap. 7.

PAGE 25.

Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

The idea of the Fathers was that the vacancies, occasioned in the different orders of angels by the fall, were to be filled up from the human race. There is, however, another opinion, backed by Papal authority, that it was only the tenth order of the Celestial Hierarchy that fell, and that, therefore, the promotions which

occasionally take place from earth are intended for the completion of that *grade* alone: or, as it is explained by Salonius (Dial. in Eccl.)—"Decem sunt ordines angelorum, sed unus cecidit per superbiam, et idcirco boni angeli semper laborant, ut de hominibus numerus adimpleatur, et proveniat ad perfectum numerum, id est, denarium." According to some theologians, virgins alone are admitted "ad collegium angelorum;" but the author* of the "Speculum Peregrinarum Quæstionum" rather questions this exclusive privilege:—"Hoc non videtur verum, quia multi, non virgines, ut Petrus et Magdalena, multis etiam virginibus eminentiores sunt." Decad. 2. cap. 10.

PAGE 29.

'Twas RUBI.

I might have chosen perhaps some better name, but it is meant (like that of Zaraph in the following story) to define the particular class of spirits to which the angel belonged. The author of the Book of Enoch, who estimates at 200 the number of angels that descended upon Mount Hermon, for the purpose of making love to the women of earth, has favoured us with the names of their leader and chiefs—Samyaza, Urakabarameel, Akibeel, Tamiel, etc. etc.

In that heretical worship of angels, which prevailed, to a great degree, during the first ages of Christianity, to *name* them seems to have been one of the most important ceremonies; for we find it expressly forbidden in one of the Canons (35th) of the council of Laodicea,

* F. Bartholomæus Sibylla.

ονομαζειν τους αγγελους. Josephus too mentions, among the religious rites of the Essenes, their swearing "to preserve the names of the angels,"—συντηρησειν τα των αγγελων ονοματα. Bell. Jud. lib. 2. cap. 8.—See upon this subject, Van Dale, de Orig. et Progress. Idololat. cap. 9.

PAGE 29.

——*Those bright creatures, named*
Spirits of Knowledge.

The word cherub signifies knowledge—το γνωστικον αυτων και θεοπτικον, says Dionysius. Hence it is that Ezekiel, to express the abundance of their knowledge, represents them as "full of eyes."

PAGE 31.

Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness, etc.

St. Augustin, upon Genesis, seems rather inclined to admit that the angels had some share ("aliquod ministerium") in the creation of Adam and Eve.

PAGE 38.

I had beheld their First, their EVE,
Born in that splendid Paradise.

Whether Eve was created *in* Paradise or not is a question that has been productive of much doubt and controversy among the theologians. With respect to Adam, it is agreed on all sides that *he* was created *outside;* and it is accordingly asked, with some warmth, by one of the commentators, "why should woman,

the ignobler creature of the two, be created *within?** Others, on the contrary, consider this distinction as but a fair tribute to the superior beauty and purity of women; and some, in their zeal, even seem to think that, if the scene of her creation was not already Paradise, it became so, immediately upon that event, in compliment to her. Josephus is one of those who think that Eve was formed outside; Tertullian, too, among the Fathers — and, among the Theologians, Rupertus, who, to do him justice, never misses an opportunity of putting on record his ill-will to the sex. Pererius, however (and his opinion seems to be considered the most orthodox), thinks it much more consistent with the order of the Mosaic narration, as well as with the sentiments of Basil and other Fathers, to conclude that Eve was created *in* Paradise.

PAGE 39.

Her error, too.

The comparative extent of Eve's delinquency, and the proportion which it bears to that of Adam, is another point which has exercised the tiresome ingenuity of the Commentators; and they seem generally to agree (with the exception always of Rupertus) that, as she was not yet created when the prohibition was issued, and therefore could not have heard it (a conclusion remarkably confirmed by the inaccurate way in which she reports it to the serpent†), her share in

* "Cur denique Evam, quæ Adamo ignobilior erat, formavit *intra* Paradisum?"

† Rupertus considers these *variantes* as intentional and

the crime of disobedience is considerably lighter than that of Adam.* In corroboration of this view of the matter, Pererius remarks that it is to Adam alone the Deity addresses his reproaches for having eaten of the forbidden tree, because to Adam alone the order had been originally promulgated. So far, indeed, does the gallantry of another commentator, Hugh de St. Victor, carry him, that he looks upon the words "I will put enmity between thee and the woman" as a proof that the sex was from that moment enlisted into the service of Heaven, as the chief foe and obstacle which the Spirit of Evil would have to contend with in his inroads on this world:—"si deinceps Eva inimica Diabolo, ergo fuit grata et amica Deo."

Page 40.

Call her—think what—his Life! his Life!

Chavah (or, as it is in the Latin version, Eva) has the same signification as the Greek, Zoe.

Epiphanius, among others, is not a little surprised at the application of such a name to Eve, so immediately, too, after that awful denunciation of death, "dust thou art," etc. etc.† Some of the commentators think

prevaricatory, and as the first instance upon record of a wilful vitiation of the words of God, for the purpose of suiting the corrupt views and propensities of human nature.—De Trinitat. lib. iii. cap. 5.

* Caietanus, indeed, pronounces it to be "minimum peccatum."

† Και μετα το ακουσαι, γη ει και εις γην απειλουση, μετα την παραβασιν. και ην θαυμαστον ότι μετα την

that it was meant as a sarcasm, and spoken by Adam, in the first bitterness of his heart,—in the same spirit of irony (says Pererius) as that of the Greeks in calling their Furies, Eumenides, or Gentle.* But the Bishop of Chalon rejects this supposition:—"Explodendi sanè qui id nominis ab Adamo per ironiam inditum uxori suæ putant; atque quod mortis causa esset, amaro joco vitam appellasse.†

With a similar feeling of spleen against women, some of these "distillateurs des Saintes Lettres" (as Bayle calls them), in rendering the text "I will make him a help *meet for him*," translate these last words "*against* or *contrary* to him" (a meaning which, it appears, the original will bear), and represent them as prophetic of those contradictions and perplexities which men experience from women in this life.

It is rather strange that these two instances of perverse commentatorship should have escaped the researches of Bayle, in his curious article upon Eve. He would have found another subject of discussion, equally to his taste, in Gataker's whimsical dissertation upon Eve's knowledge of the τεχνη ὑφαντικη, and upon the notion of Epiphanius that it was taught her in a special revelation from Heaven.—Miscellan. lib. ii. cap. 3. p. 200.

παραβασιν ταυτην της μεγαλης εσχεν επαινυμιαν. Hæres. 78. § 18. tom. i. edit. Paris, 1622.

* Lib. 6. p. 234.

† Pontus Tyard. de recta nominum impositione, p. 15.

d'enfans d'Eloim, sont distingués des enfans des hommes." —See Entret. Second.

Page 55.

So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

"Nihil plus desiderare potuerint quæ angelos possidebant—magno scilicet nupserant." Tertull. de Habitu Mulieb. cap. 2.

Page 56.

Then first were diamonds caught, etc.

"Quelques gnomes, désireux de devenir immortels, avoient voulu gagner les bonnes graces de nos filles, et leur avoient apporté des pierreries dont ils sont gardiens naturels: et ses auteurs ont cru, s'appuyant sur le livre d'Énoch mal entendu, que c'étoient des pièges que les anges amoureux," etc. etc.—Comte de Gabalis.

Tertullian traces all the chief luxuries of female attire, the neck-laces, armlets, rouge, and the black powder for the eye-lashes, to the researches of these fallen angels into the inmost recesses of nature, and the discoveries they were, in consequence, enabled to make, of all that could embellish the beauty of their earthly favourites. The passage is so remarkable that I shall give it entire:—"Nam et illi qui ea constituerant, damnati in pœnam mortis deputantur: illi scilicet angeli, qui ad filias hominum de cœlo ruerunt, ut hæc quoque ignominia fœminæ accedat. Nam cùm et materias quasdam bene occultas et artes plerasque non benè revelatas, seculo multò magis imperito prodidissent (siquidem et metallorum opera nudaverant, et herbarum

ingenia traduxerant et incantationum vires provulgaverant, et omnem curiositatem usque ad stellarum interpretationem designaverant) propriè et quasi peculiariter fœminis instrumentum istud muliebris gloriæ contulerunt: lumina lapillorum quibus monilia variantur, et circulos ex auro quibus brachia arctantur; et medicamenta ex fuco, quibus lanæ colorantur, et illum ipsum nigrum pulverem, quo oculorum exordia producuntur." De Habitu Mulieb. cap. 2.—See him also "De Cultu Fœm. cap. 10.

PAGE 56.

——*The mighty magnet, set*
In Woman's form.

The same figure, as applied to female attractions, occurs in a singular passage of St. Basil, of which the following is the conclusion:—Δια την ενουσαν κατα του αρρενος αυτης φυσικην δυναστειαν, ως σιδηρος, φημι, πορρωθεν μαγνητις, τουτο προς ἑαυτον μαγγανευι. De Vera Virginitat. tom. 1. p. 727. It is but fair, however, to add, that Hermant, the biographer of Basil, has pronounced this most unsanctified treatise to be spurious.

PAGE 57.

I've said, "Nay, look not there, my love," etc.

I am aware that this happy saying of Lord Albemarle's loses much of its grace and playfulness, by being put into the mouth of any but a human lover.

PAGE 59.—*Note.*

Clemens Alexandrinus is one of those who suppose that the knowledge of such sublime doctrines was derived from the disclosure of the angels. Stromat. lib. v. p. 48. To the same source Cassianus and others trace all impious and daring sciences, such as magic, alchemy, etc. "From the fallen angels (says Zosimus) came all that miserable knowledge which is of no use to the soul."—Παντα τα πονηρα και μηδεν ωφελουντα την ψυχην.—Ap. Photium.

PAGE 59.

——*Light*
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs.

"La lumière Zodiacale n'est autre chose que l'atmosphère du soleil."—Lalande.

PAGE 82.

——*As 'tis graved*
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By CHAM *were from the Deluge saved.*

The pillars of Seth are usually referred to as the depositaries of ante-diluvian knowledge; but they were inscribed with none but astronomical secrets. I have, therefore, preferred here the tablets of Cham, as being, at least, more miscellaneous in their information. The following account of them is given in Jablonski from Cassianus:—"Quantum enim antiquæ traditiones ferunt Cham filius Noæ, qui superstitionibus ac profanis fuerit artibus institutus, sciens nullum se posse superbis memo-

rialem librum in arcam inferre, in quam erat ingressurus, sacrilegas artes ac profana commenta durissimis insculpsit lapidibus."

Page 83.

And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

Pachymer, in his Paraphrase on the Book de Divinis Nominibus of Dionysius, speaking of the incarnation of Christ, says, that it was a mystery ineffable from all time, and "unknown even to the first and *oldest* angel,"—justifying this last phrase by the authority of St. John in the Revelation.

Page 84.

Circles of light that, from the same
Eternal centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side.

See the 13th chapter of Dionysius for his notions of the manner in which God's ray is communicated, first to the Intelligences near him, and then to those more remote, gradually losing its own brightness as it passes into a denser medium.—προσβαλλεσθαι δὲ ταις πεχυτεραις ὑλαις, αμυδροτεραν εχει την διαδοτικην επιφανειαν.

Page 91.

Then first did woman's virgin brow
That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which, when it dies, no second vow
Can bid a new one bloom out there.

In the Catholic church, when a widow is married, she is not, I believe, allowed to wear flowers on her

head. The ancient Romans honoured with a "corona pudicitiæ," or crown of modesty, those who entered but once into the marriage state.

PAGE 92.

——Her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the Angel.

Sara.

PAGE 94.

Two fallen Splendors.

The Sephiroths are the higher orders of emanative being, in the strange and incomprehensible system of the Jewish Cabbala. They are called by various names, Pity, Beauty, etc. etc.; and their influences are supposed to act through certain canals, which communicate with each other. The reader may judge of the rationality of the system by the following explanation of part of the machinery:—"Les canaux qui sortent de la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d'un grand nombre d'Anges. Il y en a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui récompensent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints," etc. etc. For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Enfield's very useful compendium of Brucker.

PAGE 94.

——*From that tree*
Which buds with such eternally.

"On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre . . . . l'Ensoph qu'on met au-dessus de l'arbre Sephirotique ou des Splendeurs divines, est l'Infini."—L'Histoire des Juifs, liv. IX. 11.

SACRED SONGS.

SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, OH GOD!

Air.—UNKNOWN.*

"The day is thine; the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalm* lxxiv. 16, 17.

I.

THOU art, oh GOD! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

* I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

II.

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues, that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD! are Thine.

III.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, LORD! are Thine.

IV.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

Air.—STEVENSON.

I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

II.

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

Air.—MARTINI.

I.

FALLEN is thy Throne, oh Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

II.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem—
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,*
Her power thy glory's throne: †
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree;—§

* "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly-beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—*Jeremiah* xii. 7.

† "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—*Jer.* xiv. 21.

§ "The LORD called thy name a green olive-tree; fair and of goodly fruit," etc.—*Jer.* xi. 16.

And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other Gods than Thee!

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness,*
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
While Baal reign'd as God!

IV.

"Go,"—said the LORD—"Ye Conquerors!
"Steep in her blood your swords,
"And raze to earth her battlements,†
"For they are not the LORD's!
"Till Zion's mournful daughter
"O'er kindred bones shall tread,
"And Hinnom's vale of slaughter§
"Shall hide but half her dead!"

* "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—*Jer.* xvii. 6.

† "Take away her battlements; for they are not the LORD's."—*Jer.* v. 10.

§ "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the LORD, that

WHO IS THE MAID?

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.*

Air.—BEETHOVEN.

I.

WHO is the Maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is *her's* an eye of this world's light?
No,—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love,
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

II.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine

it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place."—*Jer.* vii. 32.

* These lines were suggested by a passage in St. Jerome's reply to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated upon his intimacy with the matron Paula:—"Numquid me vestes sericæ, nitentes gemmæ, picta facies, aut auri rapuit ambitio? Nulla fuit alia Romæ matronarum, quæ meam possit edomare mentem, nisi lugens atque jejunans, fletu pene cæcata."—*Epist.* "*Si tibi putem.*"

In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
  As if themselves were things divine!
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
  That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
  To mourn her frailty, still is frail.*

III.

Not so the faded form I prize
  And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
  Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
  So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
  In holy lustre wastes away!

* Ου γαρ κευσοφορειν. την δαηρηουσαν δει.—*Chrysost.* Homil. 8. in Epist. ad Tim.

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE.

Air.—BEETHOVEN.

I.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,*
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

II.

So grant me, GOD! from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;—
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

* The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR!

Air.—HAYDN.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—*Psalm* cxlvii. 3.

I.

Oh! Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw

A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
Then Sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than Rapture's ray;
As Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

Air.—AVISON.

I.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or Earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,

And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has
unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source!
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere Sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the
skies.

II.

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,*
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of Love was yet fresh on her
brow!
Oh! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was
unknown—

* This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbrigge, who was married in Ashbourne church, October 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after: the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection (particularly, "There's nothing bright but Heaven"), which this very interesting girl had often heard during the summer.

And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echoed in Heaven by lips like her own!
Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl'd,
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

Air.—STEVENSON.

I.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, LORD! that Arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.*

II.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,

* Pii orant tacitè.

Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

III.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

IV.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

V.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

VI.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

VII.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Air.—AVISON.*

"And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances."—*Exod.* xv. 20.

I.

SOUND the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd,—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—

* I have so altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognized.

How vain was their boasting!—The LORD hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd,—his people are free.

II.

Praise to the CONQUEROR, praise to the LORD!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,*
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
JEHOVAH has triumph'd,—his people are free.

* "And it came to pass, that, in the morning watch, the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—*Exod.* xiv. 24.

GO, LET ME WEEP.

Air.—STEVENSON.

I.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies.
Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced by every drop that steals.

II.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.—
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint to those that swell.

The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well!
Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.

COME NOT, OH LORD!

Air.—HAYDN.

I.

COME not, oh LORD! in the dread robe of splendour
Thou worest on the Mount, in the day of thine ire;
Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

II.

LORD! thou rememb'rest the night, when thy Nation*
Stood fronting her Foe by the red-rolling stream;

* "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them,

On Egypt * thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

III.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy Love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

Air.—STEVENSON.

I.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When, o'er the faults of former years,
She wept—and was forgiven?—

but it gave light by night to these."—*Exod.* xiv. 20. My application of this passage is borrowed from some late prose-writer, whose name I am ungrateful enough to forget.

* Instead of "On Egypt" here, it will suit the music better to sing "On these;" and in the third line of the next verse, "While shrouded" may, with the same view, be altered to "While wrapp'd."

II.

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her SAVIOUR's hallow'd feet
The precious perfumes pour'd;—

III.

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for GOD alone!

IV.

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed,—
That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

V.

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
Like MARY kneel, like MARY weep,
"Love much"*—and be forgiven!

* "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."—*St. Luke* vii. 47.

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

Air.—HAYDN.

I.

As down in the sunless retreats of the Ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My GOD! silent to Thee—
Pure, warm, silent to Thee:
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee!

II.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
My GOD! trembling to Thee—
True, fond, trembling to Thee:
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

Air.—STEVENSON.

I.

BUT who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The LORD shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now! *
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie; †
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye! §

II.

Then, JUDAH! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;

* "And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations.—*Isaiah* xxv. 7.

† "The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth."—*Isaiah* xxv. 8.

§ "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; neither shall there be any more pain."—*Rev.* xxi. 4.

Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.*
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
In peace, by all who come!†
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home!

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Air.—MOZART.

I.

ALMIGHTY GOD! when round thy shrine
The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,§

* "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—*Rev.* xxi. 5.

† "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—*Rev.* xxii. 17.

§ "The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life* and *Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel."—*Observations on the Palm, as a sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
And Love that "fadeth not away,")
We bless the flowers, expanded all,*
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say,—"In Eden thus
"The Tree of Life may flower for us!"

II.

When round thy Cherubs, smiling calm
Without their flames,† we wreathe the Palm,
Oh GOD! we feel the emblem true,—
Thy Mercy is eternal too!
Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of Palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above—
Eternal Life and Peace and Love!

* "And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubims, and palm-trees, and *open flowers*."—1 *Kings* vi. 29.

† "When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great law-giver in the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which Jehovah confirmed his gracious covenant to redeem mankind."—*Observations on the Palm.*

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.*

Air.—MOORE.

I.

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear
Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.
Oh! be like this dove;
Oh fair! oh purest! be like this dove.

* In St. Augustine's treatise upon the advantages of a solita life, addressed to his sister, there is the following fanciful p sage, from which, the reader will perceive, the thought of t song was taken:—"Te, soror, nunquam nolo esse securam, timere semperque tuam fragilitatem habere suspectam, ad i star pavidæ columbæ frequentare vivos aquarum et quasi speculo accipitris cernere supervolantis effigiem et cavere. Ri aquarum sententiæ sunt scripturarum, quæ de limpidissi sapientiæ fonte profluentes," etc. etc.—*De Vit. Eremit. Sororem.*

II.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou wilt study Heaven's reflected ray:—
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!
Oh! be like the dove;
Oh fair! oh purest! be like the dove.

A MELOLOGUE

UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste; and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using "the outlandish term *monopoly*." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of

serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, "If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by "Melologue," I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad in the Athalie of Racine.

T. M.

MELOLOGUE.

THERE breathes a language, known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.
From those meridian plains,
Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,
That, when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away; *
To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where, beneath a sunless sky,

* "A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, "For God's sake, Sir, let me go; for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband."—*Garcilasso de la Véga*, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.

The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,
And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
As blithe as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow.
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

Greek Air.

List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While, from Ilissus' silvery springs,
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn;
And by her side, in music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return!
When Athens nursed her olive bough,
With hands by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd.
When heroes trod each classic field
Where coward feet now faintly falter;

When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar!

Flourish of Trumpet.

Hark! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears!—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears;
And, though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound!
See! from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!

Oh Music! here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, wild career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.
There is an air which oft among the rocks

Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks;
Oh! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts—would bring around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these!
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar;
Sweet notes of home—of love—are all he hears;
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears!

Swiss Air.—"Ranz des Vaches."

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!
Oh War! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys!

Nor, Music! through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty!

Spanish Chorus.

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air!
And seems, in every note, to swear
By Sarragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That, while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory!

Spanish Air.—"*Ya Desperto.*"

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force, nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,

Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
Oh Erin! Thine!

BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

BALLADS, SONGS, ETC.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

I.

THE brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.
Dear Fanny! dear Fanny!
The soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em, dear Fanny!

II.

The black eye may say,
"Come and worship my ray,—
"By adoring, perhaps you may move me!"

But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
" I love, and I'm yours if you love me ! "
Dear Fanny ! dear Fanny !
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
" I love, and am yours if you love me ! " dear
Fanny !

III.

Then tell me, oh ! why,
In that lovely eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover ;
Or why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said " No " to a lover ?
Dear Fanny ! dear Fanny !
Oh ! why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said " No " to a lover, dear Fanny ?

CEASE, OH CEASE TO TEMPT!

I.

Cease, oh cease to tempt
My tender heart to love!
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.
All its joys and pains
To others I resign;
But be the vacant heart,
The careless bosom mine.
Then cease, oh cease to tempt
My tender heart to love!
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.

II.

Say, oh say no more
That lovers' pains are sweet!
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.
Weeping day and night,
Consuming life in sighs,—

This is the lover's lot,
And this I ne'er could prize.
Then say, oh say no more
That lovers' pains are sweet!
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.

DEAR FANNY!

I.

She has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool;
She has wit, but you must not be caught so:
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool,
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny.

II.

"She is lovely!" Then love her, nor let the bliss fly;
'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny?

DID NOT.

I.

'Twas a new feeling—something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not, which then we hid not.
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd, in every murmur'd sigh,
To speak, but did not; to speak, but did not.

II.

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch—
'Twas the first time I dared so much,
And yet she chid not, and yet she chid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not; sweet soul! I did not.

III.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I press'd it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not, though gently bid not;
Till—oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
And yet who did not, and yet who did not.

FANNY, DEAREST!

I.

Oh! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest! for thee I'd sigh;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears, when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The love, that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

II.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest! thy image lies;
But, oh! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear;

And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
That I keep my eye-beam clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow—
Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

FANNY WAS IN THE GROVE.

I.

Fanny was in the grove,
And Lubin, her boy, was nigh;
Her eye was warm with love,
And her soul was warm as her eye.
Oh! oh! if Lubin now would sue,
Oh! oh! what could Fanny do?

II.

Fanny was made for bliss,
But she was young and shy;
And when he had stolen a kiss,
She blush'd, and said with a sigh—
"Oh! oh! Lubin, ah! tell me true,
"Oh! oh! what are you going to do?"

III.

They wander'd beneath the shade,
Her eye was dimm'd with a tear,
For ah! the poor little maid
Was thrilling with love and fear.
Oh! oh! if Lubin would but sue,
Oh! oh! what could Fanny do?

IV.

Sweetly along the grove
The birds sang all the while,
And Fanny now said to her love,
With a frown that was half a smile—
"Oh! oh! why did Lubin sue?
"Oh! oh! why did Lubin sue?"

Viver en Cadenas.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

I.

From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?

Hark!—hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,
The death-song of tyrants and dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding—oh! fly to her aid;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.
From life without freedom, oh! who would not fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?

II.

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains!
On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh! even if freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.
In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

I.

Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;

Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh! how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh;
Where's the hand to wreathe them?
Songs around neglected lie;
Where's the lip to breathe them?
Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

II.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness!
Time, that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her;
Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer!
Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh! how that touch enchanted!

HOLY BE THE PILGRIM'S SLEEP.

Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep,
From the dreams of terror free;
And may all, who wake to weep,
Rest to-night as sweet as he!
Hark! hark! did I hear a vesper swell?
No, no—it is my loved Pilgrim's prayer:
No, no—'twas but the convent bell,
That tolls upon the midnight air.
Holy be the Pilgrim's sleep!
Now, now again the voice I hear;
Some holy man is wand'ring near.

O Pilgrim! where hast thou been roaming?
Dark is the way, and midnight's coming.
Stranger, I've been o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
And, Pilgrim, say, where art thou going?
Dark is the way, the winds are blowing.
Weary with wand'ring, weak, I falter,
To breathe my vows at Agnes' altar.
Strew, then, oh! strew his bed of rushes;
Here he shall rest till morning blushes.

Peace to them whose days are done,
Death their eyelids closing;
Hark! the burial-rite's begun—
'Tis time for our reposing.

Here, then, my Pilgrim's course is o'er:
'Tis my master! 'tis my master! Welcome here once more;
Come to our shed—all toil is over;
Pilgrim no more, but knight and lover.

I CAN NO LONGER STIFLE.

I.

I CAN no longer stifle,
How much I long to rifle
That little part
They call the heart
Of you, you lovely trifle!
You can no longer doubt it,
So let me be about it,
Or on my word,
And by the Lord,
I'll try to do without it.

II.

This pretty thing's as light, Sir,
As any paper kite, Sir,
And here and there,
And God knows where,
She takes her wheeling flight, Sir.
Us lovers, to amuse us,
Unto her tail she nooses;
There, hung like bobs
Of straw, or nobs,
She whisks us where she chooses.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

I.

I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
But quick he bounded forth;
For well my rein-deer knew
I've but one path on earth—
The path which leads to you.

II.

The gloom that winter cast
How soon the heart forgets!
When summer brings, at last,
The sun that never sets.
So dawn'd my love for you;
Thus chasing every pain,
More true than summer sun,
'Twill never set again.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

I.

Joys that pass away like this,
Alas! are purchased dear,
If every beam of bliss
Is follow'd by a tear.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
Soon, too soon thou hast broke the spell.
Oh! I ne'er can love again
The girl whose faithless art
Could break so dear a chain,
And with it break my heart.

II.

Once, when truth was in those eyes,
How beautiful they shone;
But now that lustre flies,
For truth, alas! is gone.
Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
How I've loved my hate shall tell.
Oh! how lorn, how lost would prove
Thy wretched victim's fate,
If, when deceived in love,
He could not fly to hate.

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

I.

Light sounds the harp when the combat is over—
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom—
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.
But, when the foe returns,
Again the hero burns;
High flames the sword in his hand once more:
The clang of mingling arms

Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets roar.
Oh! then comes the harp, when the combat is over—
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom—
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

II.

Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest—
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.
But, when the battle came,
The hero's eye breathed flame:
Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;
While to his wakening ear
No other sounds were dear,
But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.

But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

LITTLE MARY'S EYE.

I.

Little Mary's eye
Is roguish, and all that, Sir;
But her little tongue
Is quite too full of chat, Sir.
Since her eye can speak
Enough to tell her blisses,
If she stir her tongue,
Why—stop her mouth with kisses!
Oh! the little girls,
Wily, warm, and winning;
When angels tempt us to it,
Who can keep from sinning?

II.

Nanny's beaming eye
  Looks as warm as any;
But her cheek was pale—
  Well-a-day, poor Nanny!
Nanny, in the field,
  She pluck'd a little posie,
And Nanny's pallid cheek
  Soon grew sleek and rosy.
    Oh! the little girls, etc.

III.

Sue, the pretty nun,
  Prays with warm emotion;
Sweetly rolls her eye
  In love or in devotion.
If her pious heart
  Softens to relieve you,
She gently shares the crime,
  With, "Oh! may God forgive you!"
Oh! the little girls,
  Wily, warm, and winning;
When angels tempt us to it,
  Who can keep from sinning?

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

I.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sunbeam play'd;
"Why thus in darkness lie?" whisper'd young Love,
"Thou, whose gay hours should in sunshine move."
"I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,
"So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

II.

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
And placed her where Heaven's beam warmly play'd.
There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
While, all mark'd with sunshine, her hours flew by!
"Oh! how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
"That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

III.

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.

Then cold and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,
And left the remainder to darkness and showers!

LOVE AND TIME.

I.

'Tis said—but whether true or not
Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full oft can spare 'em,
So, loitering in his lady's bower,
He lets the gray-beard wear 'em.
Then is Time's hour of play;
Oh! how he flies away!

II.

But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.

Ah! Time and Love! your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And t'other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh! how he flies away!

III.

But there's a nymph—whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter—
Who knows—the dear one!—how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she cheeks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears 'em.
This is Time's holiday;
Oh! how he flies away!

LOVE, MY MARY, DWELLS WITH THEE.

I.

Love, my Mary, dwells with thee;
On thy cheek his bed I see.

No—that cheek is pale with care;
Love can find no roses there.
'Tis not on the cheek of rose
Love can find the best repose:
In my heart his home thou'lt see;
There he lives, and lives for thee.

II.

Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
While he makes that eye his home.
No—the eye with sorrow dim
Ne'er can be a home for him.
Yet, 'tis not in beaming eyes
Love for ever warmest lies:
In my heart his home thou'lt see;
There he lives, and lives for thee.

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

I.

Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us—
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Oh! if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er—
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

II.

Rest, dear bosom! no sorrows shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
Beam, bright eyelid! no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.
Oh! if there be a charm
In love, to banish harm—
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.
And soon he found 'twere vain to fly;
His heart was close confined,
And every curlet was a tie—
A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

I.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour,

There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender—
Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

II.

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness,
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness—
Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

III.

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,

Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of Freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

NOW LET THE WARRIOR.

Now let the warrior plume his steed,
And wave his sword afar;
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.
Victory sits on the Christian's helm
To guide her holy band:
The Knight of the Cross this day shall whelm
The men of the Pagan land.
Oh! bless'd who in the battle dies!
God will enshrine him in the skies!
Now let the warrior plume his steed,
And wave his sword afar,
For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
And the sun shall blush with war.

OH, LADY FAIR!

I.

Oh, Lady fair! where art thou roaming?
The sun has sunk, the night is coming.
Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
And who is the man, with his white locks flowing?
Oh, Lady fair! where is he going?
A wand'ring Pilgrim, weak, I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.
Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
Dreary and dark's the way we're going.

II.

Fair Lady! rest till morning blushes—
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.
Oh, stranger! when my beads I'm counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.
Then, Pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow;
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.
Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.
Strew, then, oh! strew our bed of rushes;
Here we must rest till morning blushes.

OH! REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

I.

Oh! remember the time, in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you.
When I taught you to warble the gay seguadille,
And to dance to the light castanet;
Oh! never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

II.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
Every hour a new passion can feel,
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
That is fondest and truest in love!

OH! SEE THOSE CHERRIES.

I.

Oh! see those cherries—though once so glowing,
They've lain too long on the sun-bright wall;
And mark! already their bloom is going;
Too soon they'll wither, too soon they'll fall.
Once, caught by their blushes, the light bird flew round,
Oft on their ruby lips leaving love's wound;
But now he passes them, ah! too knowing
To taste wither'd cherries, when fresh may be found.

II.

Old Time thus fleetly his course is running;
If bards were not moral, how maids would go wrong!
And thus thy beauties, now sunn'd and sunning,
Would wither if left on the rose-tree too long.
Then love while thou'rt lovely—e'en I should be glad
So sweetly to save thee from ruin so sad;
But, oh! delay not—we bards are too cunning
To sigh for old beauties when young may be had.

OH! SOON RETURN.

I.

THE white sail caught the evening ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all my weeping love could say
Was, "Oh! soon return!"
Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
Now chill'd beneath a northern Heaven,
Now sunn'd by summer's zone:
Yet still, where'er our course we lay,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I thought I heard her faintly say,
"Oh! soon return!—Oh! soon return!"

II.

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
'Twas when the combat raged around,
And brave men look'd to me.
But though 'mid battle's wild alarm
Love's gentle power might not appear,
He gave to glory's brow the charm
Which made even danger dear.

And then, when victory's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
I heard that farewell voice once more,
"Oh! soon return!—Oh! soon return!"

OH! YES, SO WELL.

I.

Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.
Though, brimm'd with blisses, pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.
Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.

II.

Without thy smile how joylessly
All glory's meeds I see!

And even the wreath of victory
Must owe its bloom to thee.
Those worlds, for which the conqueror sighs,
For me have now no charms;
My only world's thy radiant eyes—
My throne those circling arms!
Oh! yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Whole realms of light and liberty
Were worthless without thee.

OH! YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

I.

Oh! yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
He'll turn into friendship that feels no decay;
And, though Time may take from him the wings he once wore,
The charms that remain will be bright as before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of flying away.

II.

Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,
That Friendship our last happy moments will crown:

Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,
While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun goes down.

ONE DEAR SMILE.

I.

Couldst thou look as dear as when
First I sigh'd for thee;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breathed thee then,
Oh! how blissful life would be!
Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,
Joys, that lie in slumber cold—
All would wake, couldst thou but give me
One dear smile like those of old.

II.

Oh! there's nothing left us now,
But to mourn the past;
Vain was every ardent vow—
Never yet did Heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.

Not even hope could now deceive me—
Life itself looks dark and cold:
Oh! thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old.

POH, DERMOT! GO ALONG WITH YOUR GOSTER.

I.

Poh, Dermot! go along with your goster,
You might as well pray at a jig,
Or teach an old cow Pater Noster,
Or whistle Moll Roe to a pig!
Arrah, child! do you think I'm a blockhead,
And not the right son of my mother,
To put nothing at all in one pocket,
And not half so much in the other?
Poh, Dermot! etc.

II.

Any thing else I can do for you,
Keadh mille faltha, and welcome,
Put up an Ave or two for you,
Fear'd that you'd ever to hell come.

If you confess you're a rogue,
I will turn a deaf ear, and not care for't;
Bid you put pease in your brogue,
But just tip you a hint to go barefoot.
Then get along with, etc.

III.

If you've the whiskey in play,
To oblige you, I'll come take a smack of it;
Stay with you all night and day,
Ay, and twenty-four hours to the back of it.
Oh! whiskey's a papist, God save it!
The beads are upon it completely;
But I think, before ever we'd leave it,
We'd make it a heretic neatly.
Then get along with, etc.

IV.

If you're afear'd of a Banshee,
Or Leprochauns are not so civil, dear,
Let Father Luke show his paunch, he
Will frighten them all to the devil, dear.
It's I that can hunt them like ferrets,
And lay them without any fear, gra;

But for whiskey, and that sort of spirits,
Why, them—I would rather lay here,* gra.
Then get along with, etc.

SEND THE BOWL ROUND MERRILY.

I.

Send the bowl round merrily,
Laughing, singing, drinking;
Toast it, toast it cheerily—
Here's to the devil with thinking!
Oh! for the round of pleasure,
With sweetly-smiling lasses—
Glasses o'erflowing their measure,
With hearts as full as our glasses.
Send the bowl round merrily,
Laughing, singing, drinking;
Toast it, toast it cheerily—
Here's to the devil with thinking!

II.

Once I met with a funny lass,
Oh! I loved her dearly!

* Putting his hand on his paunch.

Left for her my bonny glass—
Faith! I died for her—nearly.
But she proved damn'd uncivil,
And thought to peck like a hen, Sir;
So I pitch'd the jade to the devil,
And took to my glass again, Sir.
Then send the bowl, etc.

III.

Now I'm turn'd a rover,
In love with every petticoat;
No matter whom it may cover,
Or whether it's Jenny's or Betty's coat;
And, if the girls can put up
With any good thing in pieces,
My heart I'll certainly cut up,
And share it with all young Misses.
Then send the bowl, etc.

IV.

A bumper round to the pretty ones!
Here's to the girl with the blue eyes!
Here's to her with the jetty ones,
Where the languishing dew lies!

Could all such hours as this is
Be summ'd in one little measure,
I'd live a short life of blisses,
And die in a surfeit of pleasure!
Then send the bowl, etc.

THE DAY OF LOVE.

I.

The beam of morning trembling
Stole o'er the mountain brook,
With timid ray resembling
Affection's early look.
Thus love begins—sweet morn of love!

II.

The noon-tide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley stream
Diffused a glow as splendid
As passion's riper dream.
Thus love expands—warm noon of love!

III.

But evening came, o'ershading
The glories of the sky,

Like faith and fondness fading
From passion's alter'd eye.
Thus love declines—cold eve of love!

THE PROBABILITY.

I.

My heart is united to Chloe's for ever,
No time shall the link of their tenderness sever;
And, if Love be the parent of joy and of pleasure,
Chloe and I shall be bless'd beyond measure.

II.

Come, tell me, my girl, what's the sweetest of blisses?
"I'll show you," she cries, and she gives me sweet kisses;
Ah, Clo'! if that languishing eye's not a traitor,
It tells me you know of a bliss that is greater.

III.

"Indeed and I do not;"—then softly she blushes,
And her bosom the warm tint of modesty flushes—
"I'm sure if I knew it, I'd certainly show it,
"But Damon, dear, maybe you know it."

THE SONG OF WAR.

I.

THE song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slavery's lingering chains—
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
No! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

II.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
"And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
"To gild your vines and light your fountains."
Oh! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace! thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE TABLET OF LOVE.

I.

You bid me be happy, and bid me adieu—
Can happiness live when absent from you?
Will sleep on my eyelids e'er sweetly alight,
When greeted no more by a tender good night?
Oh, never! for deep is the record enshrined;
Thy look and thy voice will survive in my mind:
Though age may the treasures of mem'ry remove,
Unfading shall flourish the Tablet of Love.

II.

Through life's winding valley—in anguish, in rest;
Exalted in joy, or by sorrow depress'd—
From its place in the mirror that lies on my heart,
Thine image shall never one moment depart.
When time, life, and all that poor mortals hold dear,
Like visions, like dreams, shall at last disappear,
Though raised among seraphs to realms above,
Unfading shall flourish the Tablet of Love.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

I.

THE young rose which I give thee, so dewy and bright,
Was the flow'ret most dear to the sweet bird of night,
Who oft by the moon o'er her blushes hath hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he sung.

II.

Oh! take thou this young rose, and let her life be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from thee!
For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her still.

WHEN IN LANGUOR SLEEPS THE HEART.

I.

WHEN in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;

When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark.

II.

Come, oh! come then, let us haste,
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!

III.

And for hearts from loving free
(If indeed such hearts there be),
May they ne'er the rapture prove
Of the smile from lips we love.

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

I.

When 'midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine:
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh! then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them as they flow.

Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

II.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But, when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh! then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

I.

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love!

I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love!
And thou too, on that orb so clear,
Ah! dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in Heaven?

II.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love!
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee, love!
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in Heaven!

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

I.

Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Our bed shall be roses all spangled with dew.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the bower?

II.

There, under the bower, on roses you'll lie,
With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in your eye.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Smile, my beloved?

III.

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Kiss me, my love?

IV.

And oh! for the joys that are sweeter than dew
From languishing roses, or kisses from you.
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Won't you, my love?

YOUNG JESSICA.

I.

Young Jessica sat all the day,
In love-dreams languishingly pining,
Her needle bright neglected lay,
Like truant genius, idly shining.

Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

II.

A child, who with a magnet play'd,
And knew its winning ways so wily,
The magnet near the needle laid,
And laughing said, "We'll steal it slily."
The needle, having nought to do,
Was pleased to let the magnet wheedle,
Till closer still the tempter drew,
And off, at length, eloped the needle.

III.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay *Ridicule's* construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt a magnet's sly seduction.
Girls, would you keep tranquil hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

THE RABBINICAL ORIGIN OF WOMEN.

I.

They tell us that Woman was made of a rib
Just pick'd from a corner so snug in the side;
But the Rabbins swear to you this is a fib,
And 'twas not so at all that the sex was supplied.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

For old Adam was fashion'd, the first of his kind,
With a tail, like a monkey, full yard and a span;
And, when Nature cut off this appendage behind,
Why—then Woman was made of the tail of the Man.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

III.

If such is the tie between Women and Men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf;
For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,
And makes a most damnable ape of himself!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

IV.

Yet, if we may judge as the fashion prevails,
Every husband remembers th' original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why—he leaves her behind him as much as he can.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

FAREWELL, BESSY!

I.

Sweetest love! I'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art!
Farewell, Bessy!
We may meet again.

II.

Yes, oh yes! again we meet, love!
And repose our hearts at last;
Oh, sure 'twill then be sweet, love!
Calm to think on sorrows past.
Farewell, Bessy!
We may meet again.

III.

Yet, I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking
Which I fear is not for me.
Farewell, Bessy!
We may meet again.

IV.

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
Can it, dearest! must it be?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He for ever loses thee!
Farewell, Bessy!
Yet, oh! not for ever.

TRIFLES,

REPRINTED.

ΣΧΟΛΑΖΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΣΧΟΛΙΑ.

TRIFLES.

LINES

On the Death of Mr. P–rc–v–l.

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend;
We forgot in that hour how the statesman had err'd,
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend.

Oh! proud was the meed his integrity won,
And generous indeed were the tears that we shed,
When in grief we forgot all the ill he had done,
And, though wrong'd by him living, bewail'd him when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,
'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier state—
Had known what he was, and, content to be *good*,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspired to be *great*.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,
His years might have roll'd inoffensive away;
His children might still have been bless'd with his love,
And England would ne'er have been cursed with his sway.

LINES

On the Death of Sh–r–d–n.

Principibus placuisse viris.—Hor.

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast-falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those
Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close:—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave;—
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the Ghole of the East, comes to feed at his grave!

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;

To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
Of one whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow:—
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles, to-morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast:

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine;—
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine;—

Would I suffer what—even in the heart that thou hast—
All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd,

When the pittance, which shame had wru
at last,
And which found all his wants at an
turn'd!*

" Was *this*, then, the fate"—future ages v
When *some* names shall live but in hist
When Truth will be heard, and these Lord
Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as

" Was this, then, the fate of that high-gif
" The pride of the palace, the bower, an
" The orator—dramatist—minstrel,—who
" Through each mode of the lyre, and w
all!

" Whose mind was an essence, compounde
" From the finest and best of all ot
powers—
" Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of t
" And could call up its sunshine, or bri
showers!

* The sum was two hundred pounds—*offered* when could no longer take any sustenance, and declined, fo his friends.

" Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
" Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd—
" Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
" Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;—

" Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,
" Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—
" Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
" As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate;—
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve!

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh; *
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains and then leave thee to die!

* Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there was found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them.—*History of Poland.*

LINES

Written on hearing that the Austrians had entered Naples.

Carbone Notati!

Ay—down to the dust with them, slaves as they are—
From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be suck'd out by tyrants, or stagnate in chains!

On, on, like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er—
Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails
From each slave-mart of Europe, and poison their shore!

Let their fate be a mock-word—let men of all lands
Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
When each sword, that the cowards let fall from their hands,
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls!

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,
Base slaves! may the whet of their agony be,
To think—as the Damn'd haply think of that heaven
They had once in their reach—that they *might* have been free!

Shame, shame—when there was not a bosom, whose heat
Ever rose o'er the ZERO of ————'s heart,
That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,
And send all its prayers with your Liberty's start—

When the world stood in hope—when a spirit, that breathed
The fresh air of the olden-time, whisper'd about,
And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheathed,
But waited one conquering cry to flash out!

When around you the shades of your Mighty in fame,
Filicajas and Petrarchs, seem'd bursting to view,
And their words and their warnings—like tongues of bright flame
Over Freedom's Apostles—fell kindling on you!

Good God, that in such a proud moment of life,
Worth the hist'ry of ages—when, had you but hurl'd

One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world—

That then—oh disgrace upon manhood!—even then,
You should falter—should cling to your pitiful breath,
Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
And prefer the slave's life of damnation to death!

It is strange—it is dreadful;—shout, Tyranny shout,
Through your dungeons and palaces, "Freedom is o'er!"—
If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For, if *such* are the braggarts that claim to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss—
Far nobler to live the brute bond-man of thee,
Than to sully even chains by a struggle like this!

Paris, 1821.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A Dream.

"It would be impossible for His Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."

Lord CASTLEREAGH'S *Speech upon Colonel* M'MAHON'S *Appointment.*

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said,
"I'll think of Viscount C–STL–R—GH,
"And of his speeches—that's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be;
And then I dream'd—oh, frightful dream!
FUSELI has no such theme;
——— never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror half so horrid!

Methought the P——E, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate:
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—

Here tradesmen's bills, official papers
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning-Post.

When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanced—oh jacobinic papers!—
As though they said, "Our sole design is
"To suffocate His Royal Highness!"
The leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition:
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R–G—T's well-dress'd head,
As if *determined* to be read!
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly—
And tradesmen's bills we know mount high;

Nay, even Death-Warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too and join the rest.

But oh!—The basest of defections!
His Letter about "predilections"—
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur, "*et* Tu *Brute?*"
Then sunk, subdued, upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I waked—and pray'd, with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this Dream prove true;
"Though Paper overwhelms the land,
"Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
When, with P-rc-v-l's leave, I may throw my chains by;
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

* * *
* * *
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* * *

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Y–RM—TH and I thought perhaps 'twould be bett
To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,
With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
For, though H–RTF–RD House had long settled the que
tion,
I thought it but decent, between me and you,
That the two *other* Houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
Our affairs were all looking when Father went mad;
A strait-waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,—
A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.
I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.
So I sent word to say I would keep the whole batch in,
The same chest of tools, without cleansing or patching—
For tools of this kind, like MARTINUS's sconce,*
Would lose all their beauty if purified once;
And think—only think—if our Father should find,
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—
That R–SE was grown honest, or W–STM–REL–ND wiser—
That R–D–R was, even by one twinkle, the brighter—
Or L–V–RP—L's speeches but half a pound lighter—
What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!
No!—far were such dreams of improvement from me,
And it pleased me to find at the house, where, you know,
There's such good mutton-cutlets and strong curaçoa,†
That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,
And my Y–RM—TH's red whiskers grew redder for joy!

You know, my dear FREDDY, how oft, if I *would*,
By the law of last Sessions, I *might* have done good.

* The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turn'd out to be only an old sconce.

† The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

I *might* have withheld these political noodles
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles;
I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have soothed her with hope—but you know I did not.
And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I
Are the last that can think the K-NG *ever* will die!

A new era's arrived—though you'd hardly believe it—
And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.
New villas, new fêtes (which even WAITHMAN attends)—
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new friends?*

* * *
* * *

I repeat it—"New Friends"—for I cannot describe
The delight I am in with this P-RC-V-L tribe.
Such capering—such vapouring!—such rigour—such vigour!
North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,

That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears,
And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers.
When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my chains,
'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains;
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches!
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,
But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
To put the last lingering few who remain
Of the Walcheren warriors out of their pain.
Then, how WELLINGTON fights! and how squabbles his brother!
For Papists the one, and *with* Papists the other;
One crushing NAPOLEON by taking a city,
While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Committee!
Oh, deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or flinch,
With such prospects before me?—by Jove, not an inch.
No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,
We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still,
And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
Find Lisbon in bread and keep Sicily quiet.
I am proud to declare I have no predilections,—
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections

Are just danced about for a moment or two,
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should
come ill
To mortal—except (now I think on't) Beau Br-mm-l,
Who threaten'd, last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut *me*, and bring the old K-ng into fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at present.
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings
(And, that I'm consistent, the world will allow,—
What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now)—
When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking),
I hope, like the vender of best Patent Blacking,
" To meet with the generous and kind approbation
" Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent Letter
(No man except Pole could have writ you a better),
'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbug'd so
long
With the notion (good men!) that I knew right from
wrong,

Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—
To let *too* much light in on me never would do;
But even GREY's brightness shan't make me afraid,
While I've C–MD–N and ELD–N to fly to for shade;
Nor will HOLLAND's clear intellect do us much harm,
While there's W–STM–REL–ND near him to weaken the charm.
As for MOIRA's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
Sure joining with H–RTF–RD and Y–RM—TH will do it!
Between R–D–R and WH–RT–N let SHERIDAN sit,
And their fogs will soon quench even SHERIDAN's wit;
And against all the pure public feeling that glows
Even in WHITBREAD himself we've a host in G—RGE R–SE!
So, in short, if they wish to have Places, they may,
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to GREY,
Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose)
By the twopenny post to tell GRENVILLE the news;
And now, dearest FRED (though I've no predilection),
Believe me your's always with truest affection.

P. S.—A copy of this is to P–RC–V–L going—
Good Lord! how St. Stephen's will ring with his crowing!

ANACREONTIC—TO A PLUMASSIER.

Fine and feathery artisan!
Best of Plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a P——e's Plume—
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a P——e to wear!

First, thou downiest of men!
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no Cocks at hand!
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P——e's crown;
If thou canst not find them stupid!
Ask the way of Prion's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo;
Emblem of the happy fates
Of easy, kind, cornuted mates!

Pluck him well—be sure you do.—
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage bless'd,
Beaming on a R-y-l crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird
Shall we find for Plume the third?
You must get a learned Owl,
Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
Bigot bird that hates the light,
Foe to all that's fair and bright!
Seize his quills (so form'd to pen
Books that shun the search of men,—
Books that, far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie!)
Stick them in between the two,
Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo!

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together
With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
Sullied now—alas! how much!—
Only fit for Y-RM—TH's touch.

There—enough—thy task is done;
Present worthy G——GE's Son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I SERVE," and all's complete.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH M–NCH–ST–R Square took a canter just now—
Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look—oh, 'twas black as the devil!
How unlucky!—*incog.* he was trav'lling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem.—when next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there *is* nothing Princely inside.

Thursday.

At Levee to-day made another sad blunder—
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?

The P——E was as cheerful as if, all his life,
He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife—
"Fine weather," says he—to which I, who *must* prate,
Answer'd, "Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late."
He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,
And then, Lord! how GERAMB would triumphantly scoff!

Mem.—to buy for son DICKY some unguent or lotion
To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion! *

Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—
Given by Lady C–STL–R—GH.
My Lord loves music, and, we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.
In choosing songs, the R–G–NT named
"*Had I a heart for falsehood framed.*"
While gentle H–RTF–RD begg'd and pray'd
For "*Young I am, and sore afraid.*"

* England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember," says Tavernier, "to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustachioes were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

KING CRACK* AND HIS IDOLS.

Written after the late Negotiation for a new M–n–stry.

King Crack was the best of all possible Kings
(At least, so his Courtiers would swear to you gladly),
But Crack now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down Idols, that long had been placed
In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleased him so much
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—such was his taste!—
They were monstrous to look at and rotten to touch!

And these were the beautiful Gods of King Crack!—
Till his People, disdaining to worship such things,

* One of those antediluvian princes with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that Crack was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last king of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

Cried aloud, one and all, " Come, your Godships must pack—
" You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*."

Then, trampling the gross IDOLS under their feet,
They sent CRACK a petition, beginning, " Great Cæsar!
" We are willing to worship, but only entreat
" That you'll find us some *decenter* Godheads than these are."

" I'll try," says King CRACK—then they furnish'd him models
Of better-shaped Gods, but he sent them all back;
Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,
In short, they were all *much* too godlike for CRACK!

So he took to his darling old IDOLS again,
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,
In open defiance of Gods and of men,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places!

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

An Anacreontic.

Hither, Flora, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers—
Or (if sweeter that abode),
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those who rule us—
Those who rule and (some say) fool us:
Flora, sure, will love to please
England's Household Deities!*

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an orange lily—

* The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods.—See Juvenal, sat. 9. v. 138. Plutarch too tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, "much given to War and penal Statutes." φιλοπολεμους και ποινικους δαιμονας.

Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G–FF–RD can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old ELD–N's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,
For the head of L–V–RP—L!—
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)
On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C–STL–R—GH to crown,
Bring me, from the County DOWN,
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er to hide the green—
(Such as H—DF—T brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's-Day).*

* Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock, which are stributed by the servants of C———n House every Pa-ick's-Day.

Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads *of every hue*—
And as, Goddess!—*entre nous*—
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little *torture* now and then,
Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens!
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough—away, away—
Had I leisure, I could say
How the *oldest rose* that grows
Must be pluck'd to deck Old R–se,—
How the Doctor's brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of camomile!
But time presses.—To thy taste
I leave the rest; so, prithee, haste!

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

——— NOVA MONSTRA CREAVIT.
OVID. *Met.* lib. i. ver. 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major CAMAC,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,

And such helmets—God bless us!—as never deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor GIOVANNI—
"Let's see," said the R–G–NT (like TITUS, perplex'd
With the duties of empire), "whom *shall* I dress next?"
He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair;*
Not a single *ex*-curl on his forehead he traces—
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
The *falser* they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could doubt?
For his Y–RM–TH's own Frenchified hand cut it out;
Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,
And a Grand Household Council was held on each plait!

Then whom shall he dress? Shall he new-rig his brother,
Great C–MB–RL–ND's Duke, with some kickshaw or other?

* That model of princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard. "Timore tonsoris," says Lampridius.—(Hist. August. Scriptor.) The dissolute Ælius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig.—(See Jul. Capitolin.) Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife.—See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes?
Ah! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,
For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new Stays
So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
'Twould be devilish hard work to *un*pack him again

So, what's to be done?—there's the MINISTERS, ble
'em!—
As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress* 'em
" An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be nimble-
" Let CUM bring his spy-glass, and H-RTF-RD her thimbl
" While Y-RM—TH shall give us, in spite of all quizzer
" The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissars."

So saying, he calls C-STL-R—GH, and the rest
Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be dress'd
While Y-RM—TH, with snip-like and brisk expedition,
Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic Petition
In long tailors' measures (the P—E crying " Well done!"
And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor ELD-N.

* * * *

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

For the Opening of the New Theatre of St. St-ph-n, intended to have been spoken by the Proprietor, in full Costume, on the 24th of November.

THIS day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation!
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could be had;
And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set:
And, considering they all were but clerks t'other day,
It is truly surprising how well they can play.
Our Manager (he who in Ulster was nursed,
And sung *Erin go Bragh* for the galleries first,
But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
Changed his note, of a sudden, to *God save the King!*)
Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,

Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
Your devoted and long-winded proser till death!

You remember, last season, when things went perverse on,
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on)
One Mr. V–NS–TT–RT, a good sort of person,
Who's also employ'd for this season to play
In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."
We expect too—at least we've been plotting and planning—
To get that great actor from Liverpool, C–NN–NG;
And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,
If the Manager should, with the help of Sir P–PH–M,
Get up new *diversions*, and C–NN–NG should stop 'em,
Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,
"Grand fight—second time—with additional capers."
Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
There is plenty of each in this House to be had;
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he;
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.

His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors.—For secret machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
Y–RM—TH and CUM are the best we can find
To transact all that trickery business behind.
The former's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave, now I've only to say
A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,
May be had of the Manager, PAT C–STL–R—GH.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

Instrumenta regni.—TACITUS.

HERE's a choice set of Tools for you, Gemmen and Ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is
(Except it be *Cabinet-making*.—I doubt
In that delicate service they're rather worn out;
Though their owner—bright youth!—if he'd had his own will,
Would have bungled away with them joyously still).

You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd*—and, alack!
What tool is there job after job will not hack?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like ELL-NB'R—GH'S, none of the best;
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying—
Were't but for their *brass*, they are well worth the buying;
They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and *screens*,
And they're, some of them, excellent *turning* machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller.—
Though made of pig-iron, yet (worthy of note 'tis)
'Tis ready to melt at a half-minute's notice.
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou shapest—
'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a Papist;
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are fearful will fall;
Or better, perhaps (for I'm guessing at random),
A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem!*
Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir—
Once, twice—going, going—thrice—gone!—It is yours, Sir.

To pay ready money you sha'n't be distress'd,
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the CHANCELLOR best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis here in a trice—
This implement, Gemmen! at first was a *Vice*—
(A tenacious and close sort of Tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get)
But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*,
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in!
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone!
God be with it! Such Tools, if not quickly knock'd down,
Might at last cost their owner—how much? why, a *Crown!*

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross;
Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close*,
And, like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,
This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather!*
You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with me
At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,

Where a Tool, such as this is (I'll leave you to judg
it),
Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A Ballad to the Tune of "There was a little Man, and he wooed a little Maid," dedicated to the Right Hon. Ch-rl-s Abb-tt.

Arcades ambo.
Et *cant*-are pares.

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
"Whether it's within our reach
"To make up a little Speech,
"Just between little you and little I, I, I,
"Just between little you and little I!"—

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,
"I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,

" But, if it's not uncivil,
" Pray tell me, what the devil
" Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
" Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man look'd big,
With th' assistance of his wig,
And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order,
Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in
To jail, like Thomas Croggan,
(As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her, ward her, ward her,
As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,
" Little Soul, it is no joke,
" For, as sure as J–CKY F–LL–R loves a sup, sup, sup,
" I will tell the Prince and People
" What I think of Church and Steeple,
" And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,
" And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
Little Man and little Soul

Went, and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle, tittle,
And the world all declare
That this priggish little pair
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little, little,
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

——— suosque tibi commendat Troja PENATES,
Hos cape fatorum comites.—VIRGIL.

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Marshal *must* have them—pray, why should we not,
As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?
There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare,
And, though they've been helping the French for years past,
We may thus make them useful to England at last.

C–STL–R—GH in our sieges might save some disgraces,
Being used to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places;*
And Volunteer C–NN–NG, still ready for joining,
Might show off his talent for sly *undermining.*
Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
Old H—DF—T at *horn-works* again might be tried,
And the Ch—f J–ST–CE make a *bold charge* at his side!
While V–NS–TT–RT could victual the troops *upon tick,*
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R–G–NT himself
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf:—
Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,
Yet who could resist if he bore down *en masse?*
And though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might prove,
Like our brave Spanish Allies, "unable to move;"*
Yet there's *one* thing in war, of advantage unbounded,
Which is, that he could not with ease be *surrounded!*

In my next, I shall sing of their arms and equipment!
At present no more but—good luck to the shipment!

* The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable dispatch.

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smiled,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they graved on his seal was a child,
With a thunderbolt placed in its innocent hand.

Oh, WELLINGTON! long as such Ministers wield
Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do;
For, while they're in the Council and you in the Field,
We've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you!*

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,—In order to explain the following Fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, "FUM, *The Chinese Bird of Royalty*," is a principal ornament.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.

MUM.

FUM AND HUM,

The two Birds of Royalty.

One day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, Fum,
Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, Hum,
In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton—which is it?)
Where Fum had just come to pay Hum a short visit.—
Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in nation
(The breed of the Hums is as old as creation),
Both full-craw'd Legitimates—both birds of prey,
Both cackling and ravenous creatures, half way
'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord C–stl–r—gh;
While Fum deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea—
Peers, Bishops, and Punch, Hum, are sacred to thee!
So congenial their tastes, that, when Fum first did light on
The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,
The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the dome
Were so like what he left, "Gad," says Fum, "I'm at home."—
And when, turning, he saw Bishop L———ge, "Zooks, it is,"
Quoth the Bird, "yes—I know him—a Bonze, by his phiz—

" And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low
" Can be none but our round-about godhead, fat Fo
It chanced, at this moment, th' Episcopal Prig
Was imploring the P——E to dispense with his wig,*
Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his head
And some TOBIT-like marks of his patronage shed,
Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idolatrous eye,
That while F UM cried " Oh Fo!" all the Court cri
" Oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression.—These Birds of a feather
Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State matters together
(The P——E just in bed, or about to depart for't,
His legs full of gout, and his arms full of ———);
" I say, HUM," says FUM—FUM, of course, spoke Chines
But, bless you, that's nothing—at Brighton one sees
Foreign lingoes and Bishops *translated* with ease—
" I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty now?
" Is it *up?* is it *prime?* is it *spooney*—or how?"
(The Bird had just taken a flash-man's degree
Under B———E, Y———TH, and young Master L—

* In consequence of an old promise that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a Bishopric by his R——l H———ss.

" As for us in Pekin"——here a devil of a din
From the bed-chamber came, where that long Mandarin,
C–STL–R—GH (whom FUM calls the *Confusius* of prose),
Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's repose
To the deep, double-bass of the fat idol's nose!

(*Nota bene.*—His lordship and L–V–RP—L come,
In collateral lines, from the old Mother HUM,—
C–STL–R—GH a HUM-bug—L–V–RP—L a HUM-drum.)
The speech being finish'd, out rush'd C–STL–R—GH,
Saddled HUM in a hurry, and whip, spur, away!
Through the regions of air, like a Snip on his hobby,
Ne'er paused till he lighted in St. Stephen's lobby.

* * * *

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN,

*Concerning some foul play in a late Transaction.**

"Ahi, mio Ben!"—METASTASIO.†

WHAT! BEN, my old hero, is this your renown?
Is *this* the new *go?*—kick a man when he's down!
When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him then—
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN!
"Foul! foul!" all the lads of the fancy exclaim—
CHARLEY SHOCK is electrified—BELCHER spits flame—
And MOLYNEUX—ay, even BLACKY cries "Shame!"
Time was, when JOHN BULL little difference spied
'Twixt the foe at his feet and the friend at his side;
When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)
His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating—
But this comes, Master BEN, of your cursed foreign notions,
Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace, and lotions;

* Written soon after B**n*p*rte's transportation to St. Helena.

† Tom, I suppose, was "assisted" to this motto by Mr. Jackson, who, it is well known, keeps the most learned company going.

Your noyaus, curaçoas, and the devil knows what—
(One swig of *Blue Ruin* * is worth the whole lot!)—
Your great and small *crosses*—(my eyes, what a brood!
A cross-buttock from *me* would do some of them good!)
Which have spoil'd you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,
Of pure English *claret* is left in your *corpus;*
And (as JIM says) the only one trick, good or bad,
Of the fancy you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad!
Hence it comes,—BOXIANA, disgrace to thy page!—
Having floor'd, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age,
Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that *mill'd* us all round,
You kick'd him, old BEN, as he gasp'd on the ground!
Ay—just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got any—
Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lagg'd*† him to Botany!
Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger!*§ you who, alas!
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,
On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,
When Kings held the bottle and Europe the stakes,
Look down upon BEN—see him *dunghill* all o'er,
Insult the fallen foe that can harm him no more;

* Gin. † Transported.

§ A Life-Guardsman, one of *the Fancy*, who distinguished himself, and was killed in the memorable *set-to* at Waterloo.

TO LADY HOLLAND,

On Napoleon's Legacy of a Snuff-Box.

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watch'd, for ever ni
Oh! could he see the proud, the happy ra
This relic lights up on her generous eye
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could not

Paris, July, 1821.

CORRESPONDENCE

Between a Lady and Gentleman, upon the Advantage of (what is called) "having Law on one's Side."

"LEGGE AUREA,
S' ei piace, ei lice."

THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look gloomy,
But, dearest! we've LAW on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decorums divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures how *venial*,
When once they've got LAW on their side!

'Tis a thing that in every King's reign has been done, too:
Then why should it now be decried?
If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son too?
For so argues LAW on our side!

And, even should our sweet violation of duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my be
As long as we've LAW on our side.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

HOLD, hold, my good Sir! go a little more slowl
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we are a little too *lowly*,
To hope to have LAW on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shini 'em
The People should look for their guide,
Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick decorum—
You'd always have LAW on your side.

Were you even an old Marquis, in mischief hoary,
Whose heart, though it long ago died
To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
You still would have LAW on your side!

But for *you*, Sir, crim. con. is a path full of troubles;
By *my* advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles
Who have *such* a LAW on their side!

HORACE, ODE xi. LIB. ii.

*Freely translated, by G. R.**

† COME, Y–RM—TH, my boy, never trouble your brains
About what your old croney,
The EMPEROR BONEY,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains:
§ Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries;—
Should there come famine,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stannaries!

* This and the following are extracted from a work (which may some time or other meet the eye of the Public) entitled, "Odes of Horace, done into English by several persons of Fashion."

† Quid bellicosus Cantabar et Scythes
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere.

§ Nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca.

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may ;
* For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and—all that,
† And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits.

§ Thy whiskers, too, Y-RM—TH !—alas, even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!) to GREY.

** Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why should you fidget
Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
Because "*you,*" forsooth, "*have the pen in your hand!*"

* ——— Fugit retro
Levis juventas et decor.
† Pellente lascivos amores
Canicie.
§ ——— Neque uno Luna *rubens* nitet
Vutu.
** —— Quid æternis *minorem*
Consiliis animum fatigas?

Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter
(Which both you and I
Should avoid, by the bye)—
* How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust
Of old CHARLEY, my friend here, and drink like a new one;
While CHARLEY looks sulky and frowns at me, just
As the ghost in the pantomime frowns at Don Juan!

† To crown us, Lord Warden!
In C–MB–RL–ND'S garden
Grows plenty of *monk's-hood* in venomous sprigs;
While Otto of Roses,
Refreshing all noses,
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.
§ What youth of the Household will cool our noyau

* Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere ————
† ———————— rosâ
Canos odorati capillos
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
Potamus uncti.
§ ———— Quis puer ocyus
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula *prætereunte lympha?*

In that streamlet delicious,
That, down 'midst the dishes,
All full of good fishes
Romantic doth flow?—
* Or who will repair
Unto M———— Sq——e,
And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?
Go—bid her haste hither,
† And let her bring with her
The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—
§ Oh! let her come with her dark tresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of ACKERMANN'S Dresses for May!

HORACE, ODE xxii. LIB. i.

Freely translated by Lord Eld—n.

** THE man who keeps a conscience pure
(If not his own, at least his Prince's),

* Quis ———— eliciet domo
Lyden?
† ——— Eburna dic age cum lyra (qu. *liar-a*)
Maturet.
§ Incomtum Lacænæ
More comam religata nodum.
** Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.

Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big, and black, and never winces!

* No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of GERAMB;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He does not care one single d–mn!

† Whether 'midst Irish chairmen going,
Or, through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter—'tis all one to him.

§ For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,

* Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis
Fusce, pharetra.

† Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "quæ loca *fabulosus lambit* Hydaspes" thus—"The *fabling* Spaniard *licks* the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones), he altered the passage as it stands at present.

§ Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra

Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne-Alley.

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scared at me even without my wig!

* Yet a more fierce and raw-boned dog
Goes not to Mass in Dublin City,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee!

Terminum curis vagor expeditis
Fugit inermem.

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist (seeing that ROMULUS was suckled by a Wolf, that Rome was founded by ROMULUS, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome), there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra termi*num" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "curis *expeditis*" (or, as it has been otherwise read, "*causis expeditis*)," and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

* Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

* Oh! place me 'midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal blood of Tara;
Or place me where Dick M–rt–n rules
The houseless wilds of Connemara;—

† Of Church and State I'll warble still,
Though even Dick M–rt–n's self should grumble;
Sweet Church and State, like Jack and Jill,

§ So lovingly upon a hill—
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

* Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:
Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M–rt–n being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

† Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

§ There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "standing and falling together," than this ancient apologue of Jack and Jill. Jack, of course, represents the State in this ingenious little allegory.

Jack fell down,
And broke his *Crown*,
And Jill came tumbling after.

HORACE, ODE i. LIB. iii.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto.
Regum tremendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

1813.

I HATE thee, oh Mob! as my Lady hates delf,
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy hisses,
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
And, like G-DW-N, write books for young masters
and misses.
Oh! it is not high rank that can make the heart merry,
Even monarchs themselves are not free from mishap;
Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before
Jerry,
Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap.

* * * * * *

HORACE, ODE xxxviii. LIB. i.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ.
Mitte sectari Rosa *quo locorum*
Sera moretur.

Translated by a Treasury Clerk, while waiting Dinner for the Right Hon. G—rge R–se.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-nackeries,
Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and grim-crackeries—
Six by the Horse-Guards!—old Georgy is late—
But come—lay the table-cloth—zounds! do not wait,
Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,
At which of his places Old R–se is delaying!*

* * * * * *

* The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The Translator has added a long, erudite, and flowery note upon *Roses*, of which I can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he ransacks the *Rosarium Politicum* of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some *Political* Roses, to match the gentleman in the text—but in vain: he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion "Melitensi *rosâ fartum*," which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of

TO ————————.

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo.*

DIE when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel *ready-made* for Heaven!

Irish Bed of Roses, like Lord CASTLEREAGH'S. The learned Clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if "Rosa munda" mean "a Rose with clean hands," it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "Rosa *aurea*," which, though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the POPE, must of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "*old* Rose," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the Poet, "consenuisse Rosas." The whole note, indeed, shows a knowledge of Roses that is quite edifying.

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano.—See his *Life*.

IMPROMPTU.

Upon being obliged to leave a pleasant party, from the want of a pair of Breeches to dress for Dinner in.

1810.

BETWEEN Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a Paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd from mine.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest.—WHY is a Pump like Viscount C–STL–R—GH?
Answ.—Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.*

WHAT news to-day?—"Oh! worse and worse—
"M–c is the PR——E's Privy Purse!"
The PR——E's *Purse!* no, no, you fool,
You mean the PR——E's *Ridicule!*

EPIGRAM.

Dialogue between a Catholic Delegate and his R–y–l H–ghn–ss the D–ke of C–mb–rl–nd.

SAID his Highness to NED, with that grim face of his,
"Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic NEDDY?"
"Because, Sir," said NED, looking full in his phiz,
"You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already!"

* This is a *bon-mot*, attributed, I know not how truly, to the PR-NC-SS of W-L-S. I have merely versified it.

EPIGRAM.

Dialogue between a Dowager and her Maid on the Night of Lord Y–rm—th's Fête.

" I WANT the Court-Guide," said my Lady, " to look
" If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20"—
" We've lost the *Court-Guide*, Ma'am, but here's *the Red Book,*
" Where you'll find, I dare say, *Seymour* PLACES in plenty!"

EPIGRAM.

From the French.

" I NEVER give a kiss," says Prue,
" To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true—
She'll *take* one, though, and thank you for it.

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine!*

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself the fair, the wild magician,
That bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gliding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race—such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand
To catch the coming flame in turn—
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, but struggling glory burn.

And, oh! their joy, as it came near,
'Twas in itself a joy to see—
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray,

Then, smiling to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From ALBION first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
COLUMBIA caught the spark divine,
And lit a *flame* like ALBION'S—steady.

The splendid gift then GALLIA took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a blazing.

And, when she fired her altar, high
It flash'd into the redd'ning air
So fierce, that ALBION, who stood nigh,
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare!

Next, SPAIN—so new was light to her—
Leap'd at the torch; but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quench'd, and all again was dark.

Yet no—not quench'd—a treasure worth
So much to mortals rarely dies.—

Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next received the flame?—Alas!
Unworthy NAPLES—shame of shames
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting e'en to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

And fallen it might have long remain'd,
But GREECE, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
And waved it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er
Her altar as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurel'd spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended:—

"Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,
"Divinest gift of GOD to men!

" From GREECE thy earliest splendour came,
" To GREECE thy ray returns again!

" Take, Freedom! take thy radiant round—
" When dimm'd, revive—when lost, return;
" Till not a shrine through earth be found,
" On which thy glories shall not burn!"

EPILOGUE.

LAST night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,
Thinking of cues, starts, exits, and—all that,
And wondering much what little knavish sprite
Had put it first in women's heads to write:—
Sudden I saw—as in some witching dream—
A bright-blue glory round my book-case beam,
From whose quick-opening folds of azure light,
Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his head,
Some sunny morning, from a violet bed.
" Bless me!" I starting cried, " what imp are you?"—
" A small he-devil, Ma'am—my name BAS BLEU—

" A bookish sprite, much given to routs and reading;
" 'Tis I who teach your spinsters of good breeding
" The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,
" The last new bounds of tuckers and of maps,
" And, when the waltz has twirl'd her giddy brain,
" With metaphysics twirl it back again!"

I view'd him, as he spoke—his hose were blue,
His wings—the covers of the last Review—
Cerulean, border'd with a jaundice hue,
And tinsell'd gaily o'er, for evening wear,
Till the next quarter brings a new-fledged pair.
" Inspired by me—(pursued this waggish Fairy)—
" That best of wives and Sapphos, Lady Mary,
" Votary alike of Crispin and the Muse,
" Makes her own splay-foot epigrams and shoes.
" For me the eyes of young Camilla shine,
" And mingle Love's blue brilliancies with mine;
" For me she sits apart, from coxcombs shrinking,
" Looks wise—the pretty soul!—and *thinks* she's thinking.
" By my advice Miss Indigo attends
" Lectures on Memory, and assures her friends,

" ' 'Pon honour !—(*mimicks*)—nothing can surpass the
plan
" ' Of that professor—(*trying to recollect*)—psha ! that
memory-man—
" ' That—what's his name?—him I attended lately—
" ' 'Pon honour, he improved *my* memory greatly.' "

Here, curtseying low, I ask'd the blue-legg'd sprite,
What share he had in this our play to-night.
" Nay, there—(he cried)—there I'm guiltless quite—
" What ! choose a heroine from that Gothic time,
" When no one waltz'd, and none but monks could
rhyme ;
" When lovely woman, all unschool'd and wild,
" Blush'd without art, and without culture smiled—
" Simple as flowers, while yet unclass'd they shone,
" Ere Science call'd their brilliant world her own,
" Ranged the wild, rosy things in learned orders,
" And fill'd with Greek the garden's blushing borders?—
" No, no—your gentle Inas will not do—
" To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue,
" I'll come—(*pointing downwards*)—you understand—
till then adieu !"

And, if our Muse have sketch'd with pen
The wife—the mother—firm, yet gentle t
Whose soul, wrapp'd up in ties itself hath
Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one ;
Who loves—yet dares even Love himself
When Honour's broken shaft supports his
If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,
Dire as they are, of Critics and—Blue Devi

END OF VOLUME V.